This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

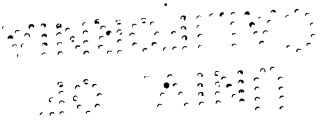
THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK ONE

EDUCATION DEPT.

Book
Prop

In th
Distr
Sold
Price
Sold
I



GORGE OF THE PAGSANJAN RIVER

THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK ONE

BY

ANNA H. CARTER

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, MANILA HIGH SCHOOL
MANILA, P. I.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

Copyright, 1913, 1914, by
SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

EDUCATION DEPT.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PREFACE

IF we exclude the singing book and the reader, the texts of the fifth grade furnish pupils with information which will help them to be self-supporting and useful in the home and in the community. Since the purpose of the schools is to prepare the pupil for effective living, the reading book must further this end.

Lessons of the information type are of little value in a reader, either when such lessons are considered as content, or when they are used for teaching the mechanics of reading, beyond its merest rudiments. When used as content, information lessons are too brief and disconnected to be of permanent value; and being didactic in character, such subject matter neither arouses the pupil's imagination nor stimulates his interest sufficiently to produce the best results.

The reader, however, should furnish the pupil with important knowledge not found in other texts, the nature of which should be ethical rather than didactic. It should present types of character that embody certain ideals.

541456

Fortunately for our youth, many modern authors have given their best talent and energy to the presentation of just such ideals. They have represented types of character, from childhood to gray-haired maturity, who have bravely grappled with adverse conditions, and who, because of their faith, virtue, sagacity, and energy, have gained victories when victory seemed impossible.

It is from the writings of these authors for the most part that the contents of this book is made up. In every selection the thought is constructive along some line of human endeavor.

On the mechanical side of reading, the following points have been considered: —

1. *The selections as wholes.* A few of these are long, and will need several lessons to complete. Many are short, and this fact, together with their dramatic features, makes them suitable for reproduction. Many contain a large amount of dialogue, which makes them especially valuable for work in direct and indirect discourse. Much of this is in idiomatic English, thus giving at the same time opportunity for drill in the English idiom.

2. *The sentence.* Care has been taken that the sentence structure should not be so intricate as to obscure the thought. At the same time the sentence

is presented in its complex and compound forms. Logical arrangement, such as modifiers following their principals, makes the sentences serve as models for the pupil in his written reproductive work.

3. *Words.* Great care has been taken in the number and choice of new words incorporated in the text. The effect of too many unfamiliar words in a selection is bad in two ways: (*a*) Words whose meaning is unknown obscure the thought of the subject matter; and (*b*) their presence in any considerable number makes the reading lesson an exercise in word study only, leaving no time to consider the thought of the selection, or to gain practice in reading. But while the use of too many new words should be guarded against, a school reader should increase the pupil's vocabulary. Hence, over seven hundred new words have been incorporated in the text, and, with their definitions, have been added in a separate list at the end of the book.

ANNA H. CARTER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE author wishes to express to the following publishers and authors her grateful appreciation of their courtesy in allowing the use of copyright selections from their publications: D. Appleton & Company and Sarah C. Brooks for "Our Friend, the Fledgling," and for her adaptation of "Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp," from "The Arabian Nights"; DeWolfe, Fiske & Company for extracts from Johanna Spyri's "Heidi"; Fleming & Revell Company for "Billy Topsail's Dog," from "Adventures of Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan; D. C. Heath & Company for "Policemen and What They Are For," from Charles F. Dole's "Young Citizen"; Ginn & Company for three selections from "Greek Heroes," "The Leak in the Dike," and a selection from Longfellow's "Hiawatha"; Longmans, Green, & Company for "The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor," by Andrew Lang; G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Woo of Hwangho," from E. S. Brooks' "Historic Girls"; Charles Scribner's Sons for "Little Bridget's Bath," by Frank R. Stockton; Silver, Burdett & Company and Mary Proctor for "The Giant Sun," from "Stories of Starland," by Mary Proctor; Silver, Burdett & Company for "The Buried Cities" from "Around the World, Book Five," by Clarence F. Carroll, and for "Arion and the Dolphin," from "Progressive Road to Reading, Book Four," by Georgine Burchill; Silver, Burdett & Company and Edwin Lefèvre for "Anselm and the Lizard," from "Progressive Road to Reading, Book Four"; Clarence Poe for "A Land Where Everybody Works"; the American Baptist Publication Society for a selection and an illustration from Marshall Saunders' "Beautiful Joe."

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE WONDERFUL WORLD	*William Brighty Rands*	13
THE HAPPINESS OF THE BIRDS	*Henry Ward Beecher*	14
DANDELION	*Louisa M. Alcott (adapted)*	17
SWEET AND LOW (Poem)	*Alfred Tennyson*	23
THE GIANT SUN	*Mary Proctor (adapted)*	24
GARDENING (Poem)	*Alfred Tennyson*	26
LITTLE BRIDGET'S BATH	*Frank R. Stockton*	27
A BOY'S PRAYER	*Henry Charles Beeching*	32
GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING (Poem)	*Lord Houghton*	33
HOW THE SEED BECAME A VINE		34
HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS (Poem)	*Henry W. Longfellow*	36
THE RESCUED PIG		37
GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS		40
A LAND WHERE EVERYBODY WORKS	*Clarence Poe*	45
AFTER THE RAIN (Poem)	*William Wordsworth*	49
WHICH LOVED BEST? (Poem)	*Joy Allison*	50
ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP	*Adapted by Sarah C. Brooks*	51
BILLY TOPSAIL'S DOG	*Norman Duncan (adapted)*	79
THE FLOWER		88
THE SEED		91
HEIDI	*Johanna Spyri (adapted)*	93
THE LITTLE DOVES (Poem)		106
COURAGE		108
POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS		112

		PAGE
THE RAILROAD	*Gail Hamilton (adapted)*	113
THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH	*Sir Walter Scott*	119
POLICEMEN AND WHAT THEY ARE FOR	*Charles F. Dole (adapted)*	123
A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR	*Charles Dickens*	128
PROVERBS		130
DICK WHITTINGTON	*Old English Tale*	131
HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN	*Fanny Fern (adapted)*	145
LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW (Poem)	*Ida W. Benham*	148
THE PEA BLOSSOM	*Hans Christian Andersen*	149
THE LITTLE LEAF	*Henry Ward Beecher*	154
THANKSGIVING SONG (Poem)		156
GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK (Poem)		157
THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL	*Progressive Road to Reading, Book II*	158
THE FOX TERRIER BILLY	*Marshall Saunders*	163
OUR FRIEND, THE FLEDGLING	*Sarah C. Brooks*	169
THE TREE (Poem)	*Björnstjerne Björnson*	173
ANSELM AND THE LIZARD	*Edwin Lefèvre*	174
BURIED CITIES	*Around the World, Book Five*	187
ARION AND THE DOLPHIN	*Adapted from Herodotus by Georgine Burchill*	193
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS (Poem)	*Clement C. Moore*	203
CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'	*Charles Dickens*	206
A SONG OF LOVE (Poem)	*Lewis Carroll*	213
FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR	*Adapted from the Arabian Nights*	214
SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR	*Andrew Lang*	222
THE GREEKS AND THEIR GAMES		230
HOW THESEUS LIFTED THE STONE	*Charles Kingsley*	232

		PAGE
How Theseus Slew the Destroyers of Men	*Charles Kingsley*	238
How Theseus Slew the Minotaur	*Charles Kingsley*	245
The Chinese Boys' Games	*Yan Phou Lee*	251
Who Likes the Rain (Poem)	*Clara Doty Bates*	255
Woo of Hwangho	*E. S. Brooks (adapted)*	256
The Leak in the Dike	*Phœbe Cary*	268
The Ant and the Cricket		275
Try Again (Poem)	*E. Hickson*	276
Vocabulary		277
Meaning of Phrases		294
Proper Names		295

J. W. Casilear

"GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD"

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say —
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE BIRDS

humming	pitied
fluttered	crumpled
speckled	chatting

There came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. How beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by and pitied them because they were not birds.

In a week or two, one day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were hatched! Now the father bird sang louder and louder than ever. The mother bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide, so that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird to the mother bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the

nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! The two old birds talking and chatting to make the young ones go alone! In a little time they had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and built their own nests, and sang their own songs of joy.

Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other, until the mother bird said, "Why don't you sing?" And he answered, "I can't sing — I can only think and think." "What are you thinking of?" "I am thinking how everything changes: the leaves are falling off from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away. Something calls me, and I feel as if I would like to fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south: there they saw flowers and green leaves! All day they flew; and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter — where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DANDELION[1]

endurable	jolliest	peered
perished	intended	rigging
launched	triumphant	shutter
receding	jerk	home

Little Dandelion was the jolliest three-year-old boy that ever played on the sea beach. He was called Dandelion because he had curly, yellow hair that covered his head with a golden fuzz.

His father, Ben, was a kind, industrious fisherman, who lived by the sea. His mother, Hetty, was a cheerful, busy woman, who spent her time in keeping the home clean and comfortable. So little Dandelion lived in a very happy home.

But one day a great trouble came to this happy family. Ben, the father, and his fellow-fishermen sailed away early in the morning to the fishing grounds. Hetty watched the fleet of white-winged boats as they sailed out of the bay, thinking how pretty they looked

[1] From "My Boys," by Louisa M. Alcott. Copyright, 1899, by John S. P. Alcott.

in the sunshine. Dandelion stood by her, clapping his fat little hands, and saying, "Daddy's tummin' soon."

But Daddy did not come "soon." A great storm arose, and when some of the boats came scudding home at nightfall, Ben's boat was not among them. All night the gale raged, and in the morning Ben's boat lay empty and broken on the shore.

His mates shook their heads and drew their rough hands over their eyes when they saw the wrecked boat. They knew that Ben was a good seaman, and that he would never desert his boat while he was alive. They searched for him a long way up and down the beach, but saw nothing of him. They felt sure that he had perished in the storm.

They tried to comfort poor Hetty, but she could not be comforted. Her heart seemed broken. Her neighbors feared that, but for her baby, she would go to join Ben in heaven.

Dandelion did not understand why every one was so sad, and why his father stayed away so long. But he never lost his cheerfulness, and never gave up saying, "Daddy tummin' soon."

His sunshiny little face was Hetty's only comfort. The sight of the fuzzy, yellow head, bobbing around the house, made life endurable for her, and the touch of the loving baby hands kept her from despair.

But Dandelion did not get tired expecting his father to return. He firmly believed that his Daddy was "tummin' soon," and nothing could change his mind. He had been much troubled at seeing his father's boat on the beach, all broken, but his little mind could not understand the meaning of shipwreck. So he decided that Daddy was waiting somewhere for a new boat to bring him home.

He believed this so strongly that he gathered together his toy boats and launched them one after

HE TOLD EACH BOAT TO "FIND DADDY"

another. He told each boat, as he launched it, to "find Daddy and bring him home."

Dandelion's mother did not allow him to play on

the beach except at low tide. So the little boats sailed away on the receding waves, and the child was sure that some of them would get safely into the port where his Daddy was waiting.

All the boats were launched at last, and they all sailed bravely away; but none ever came back, and little Dandy was much disappointed. He talked about it to himself. He told the snails and the lobsters in the mud, of his trouble. He begged the gulls to fly away and find Daddy. Every windy night, when the sea dashed on the shore and the shutters of his little home rattled, he asked his mother to put the lamp in the window, so that Daddy could see the house.

Six long months went by, and no one thought of ever seeing Ben again. No one thought of seeing him except his little son, who still watched for him, and his wife, who waited to meet him in heaven.

One bright spring day something happened. The house was as clean as usual. Hetty sang softly as she busied herself with her needle. Her face was sad, and there were white hairs among the brown.

Dandelion, who was more chubby and cheery than ever, sat at her feet. The sunshine made a golden glory of his yellow hair. He tried to sail his new boat in the tub of water that his mother always kept for

the little sailor. Then he tugged away with his fat fingers at a big needle that he was trying to pull through a bit of cloth he intended for a sail.

The faithful little boy had not forgotten his father, but he thought that his boats never reached his Daddy because their sails were too small. So he was rigging a new boat with a sail so large that he was sure it would bring Daddy safely home.

With his mouth puckered up, his downy eyebrows knit, and both hands pulling at the big needle, he did not see the sewing drop from his mother's hands. Hetty stopped her work because she was thinking of the happy time when she and Ben would meet again. Sitting quietly, neither of them heard a soft step on the sand. Neither saw an eager, brown face peer in at the door; and neither knew, for a minute, that Ben was watching them, with a great love for them in his heart.

Dandelion saw him first. As he pulled the thread through the sail with a triumphant jerk, the small sailmaker tumbled backward and lay staring up, with his wide open blue eyes, at the tall man standing in the door. Suddenly, he shouted joyfully, "Daddy's tummin'!" The next instant he vanished, ship and all, in the arms of the man who wore the rough jacket.

And Hetty vanished in the same manner. For a

time there was nothing but sobbing and kissing, and thanking God for His kindness to them. Then they became quiet. Ben sat down in his old chair, with his wife on one knee and his boy on the other. He told them that he was wrecked in the gale, was picked up by an outward-bound ship, and was able to get back only after months of sickness and delay.

"My boaty brought him," said Dandelion, feeling that everything had turned out just as he had expected.

"So it did, my precious son. Your faith helped, too," cried Hetty, hugging the curly-headed prophet close to her heart.

A few great tears rolled down Ben's rough, blue jacket, as he looked from the queer sail, with its two big stitches, to the little son whose love and faith, he firmly believed, had kept him safe through many dangers and had at last brought him home.

— LOUISA M. ALCOTT — *adapted.*

NOTE:

white-winged = having white sails.
Daddy's tummin' soon = father is coming soon.
low tide = low water.
receding waves = waves moving away from the shore.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE GIANT SUN

giant	pair
scales	glue
hollow	planets
tunnel	corona

"Sister," said little Francisco, "if you are not too busy, will you tell me how large the sun is? Is it as large as the earth?"

"Ever so much larger," replied Maria? "It is so large that if it were cut into a million parts, each part would be larger than the earth. If we could weigh the sun in a pair of giant scales, we should have to put more than three hundred thousand globes, each one as heavy as the earth, on the scales to make the scales balance. If we could hollow out the sun and could place the earth in the center, there would be room for the moon also inside the hollow sun. Now the moon is thousands of miles from the earth, and yet if the earth were at the center of the sun and the moon were the proper distance from the earth, the moon would still be within the surface of the sun.

"If we could make a tunnel through the center of the sun from one side to the other side, and a train

going at the speed of a mile a minute could enter one end of this tunnel, it would take six hundred days for the train to reach the other end of the tunnel. If this same train went around the outside of the sun, it would take five years to complete the entire distance. A train going around the earth at one mile a minute would complete the journey in seventeen days."

"But suppose we went around the sun in a big ocean steamer," said Francisco, "how long would it take us to make the journey?"

"Only fifteen years," said his sister, laughing. "If you had started on this journey around the sun when you were a little baby, Francisco, you would still have five years to travel before you would get back to your starting point."

"Then the sun must be very large," said Francisco, thoughtfully. "Let us call it 'The Giant Sun.'"

After thinking a moment about the great size of the sun, he asked, "Maria, what is the Giant Sun made of?"

"It is made of iron, copper, silver, and many other things that we find on the earth; but the sun is so hot that these metals are melted together into a mass. This mass is the center of the sun. All around the central mass is a shell of bright clouds, from which rosy flames leap up thousands of miles and form what we call the corona, like a crown of glory."

"How beautiful the sun must be!" exclaimed the little boy, as he listened to his sister's description. "But is it all alone in the sky, and are there no little stars near it?"

"It is not at all lonely," laughed Maria. "The great sun is busy day and night, giving light and heat to its large family of planets. I will tell you about the planets to-morrow, my dear, if you do not forget what I have told you to-day."

"Forget! How can I forget, sister? The Giant Sun! You have told me enough to keep me thinking all day and all night."

— MARY PROCTOR — *adapted.*

GARDENING

And I must work thro' months of toil,
  And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
  To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
  I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
  A little garden blossom.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

LITTLE BRIDGET'S BATH[1]

trial	mixtures	crickets
despise	scramble	consultation
fairies	sensible	terrible
ramble	bucket	horrible

Little Bridget was a pretty girl. She was also a good girl, for she liked to study her lessons, to obey her mother, and to behave herself as a little girl should, but she did despise to be washed.

There was something about the very smell of soap and the touch of water which made her shrink and shiver. She would rather have the doctor come to her with a spoonful of medicine than to have her Aunt Ann approach with water, towel, and a great piece of soap.

For a long time Little Bridget believed that there was no escape from this terrible daily trial; but one bright morning, she awoke very early, long before any one else in the house. She thought it was too bad, when the birds and butterflies were flying about

[1] From "Roundabout Rambles," by Frank R. Stockton. Copyright, 1872, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

so gayly in the early sunbeams, and the flowers were all so bright, and smelled so sweet, that she should have to lie there on her little bed until Aunt Ann came with that horrible soap and towel. She made up her mind to run away. For one morning she would be happy.

So up she jumped, and without stopping to dress herself, she ran out in her long white nightgown among the birds and flowers. She rambled along by the brook, where the sand felt so soft to her bare feet. She wandered through the woods, where she found blackberries and wild strawberries and beautiful ferns.

She wandered on and on, among the rocks and the trees, and over the grass and the flowers, until at last she sat down by a great tree to rest. Then, without intending anything of the kind, she fell fast asleep.

She had not slept more than five minutes, before a troop of fairies came along, and you may be sure they were astonished to see a little girl lying fast asleep on the grass, at that early hour in the morning.

"Well, I never!" said the largest fairy, who was the Principal One.

"Nor I," said the Next Biggest; "it is little Bridget, and with such a dirty face! Just look! She has been eating blackberries and strawberries and raspberries, too, for all I know; for you remember that a

face dirtied with raspberries is very much like one dirtied with strawberries."

"Very like, indeed, brother," said the Principal One, "and look at her feet! She's been walking in the wet sand!"

"And her hands!" cried the Very Least, "what hands! They're all smeared over with mixtures of things."

"Well," said the Next Biggest, "she is certainly a dirty little girl, but what is to be done?"

"Done?" said the Principal One. "There is only one thing to be done, and that is to wash her. There can be no doubt about that."

All the fairies agreed that nothing could be more sensible than to wash little Bridget. So they gathered around her, and, with all gentleness, some of them lifted her up and carried her down toward the brook, while the others danced about her, and jumped over her, and hung on to long fern leaves, and scrambled among the bushes, and were as merry as a boxful of crickets.

When they approached the brook, one of the fairies jumped in to see if the water was warm enough, and the Principal One and the Next Biggest held a consultation as to how little Bridget should be washed.

"Shall we just souse her in?" said the Next Biggest.

"I hardly think so," said the Principal One. "She may not be used to that sort of bath, and she might take cold. It will be best just to lay her down on the bank and wash her there."

So little Bridget, who had never opened her eyes

"THE FAIRIES SET TO WORK IN GOOD EARNEST"

all this time, was brought to the brook and laid softly down by the water's edge.

Then all the fairies set to work in good earnest. Some dipped clover blossoms in the water, and washed and rubbed her mouth and cheeks until there was not a sign left of strawberry or blackberry stain. Others gathered fern leaves and soft grass, and washed her little feet till they were as white as lamb's wool.

The Very Least, who had carried her hand, now washed it with ever so many morning-glory blossomfuls of water and rubbed it dry with soft, clean moss.

Other fairies curled her hair around flower stalks. Some scattered sweet-smelling blossoms about her, until there never was such a sweet, clean, and fragrant little girl in the whole world.

And all this time she never opened her eyes. But if you are ever washed by fairies while you are asleep, you will find that you will never know it.

When all was done, and not a speck of dirt was to be seen anywhere on little Bridget, the fairies took her gently up and carried her to her mother's house, for they knew very well where she lived.

They laid her down on the doorstep, where it was shady, and then they all scampered away as fast as their funny little legs could carry them.

It was now about the right time in the morning to get up, and very soon the door opened and Aunt Ann came out with a bucket on her arm, which she was going to fill at the well to give little Bridget her morning bath.

When Aunt Ann saw the little girl lying on the doorstep, she was so astonished that she nearly dropped the bucket.

"Well, I never!" said she, "if it isn't little Bridget,

and just as clean as a new pin! I believe she jumped out of bed early, took her bath, and combed her hair just to save me the trouble!"

Aunt Ann's voice was not so soft and gentle as a fairy's voice, and it woke up little Bridget.

"You lovely dear!" cried her aunt, "I did not know that you were such a smart little thing.

"There is no doubt you are now old enough to bathe and dress yourself, and after this you may do it!"

So, after that, Bridget washed and dressed herself every morning and was just as clean and as happy as the birds and the butterflies.

—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A BOY'S PRAYER

God who created me
  Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
  To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
  But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
  Take the thanks of a boy.

— HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, — "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning; our work is begun."

— LORD HOUGHTON.

HOW THE SEED BECAME A VINE

One day in the month of May, a little girl dropped a wee brown seed into a small hole in the ground. She said, "Wee brown seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with green leaves and fragrant flowers."

The earth was dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow. It lay patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights; then it called to the ground around it: "O ground, give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves; then I can begin to be a vine!"

But the ground answered, "You must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O rain, come down and wet the ground around me. The wet ground will give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves; then I can begin to be a vine!"

But the rain answered, "You must ask the clouds to hang thick and low."

So the seed called to the clouds: "O clouds, hang thick and low and let the rain come down to wet the ground around me. The wet ground will give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves; then I can begin to be a vine!"

But the clouds answered, "You must ask the sun to hide."

So the seed called to the sun: "O sun, hide for a while and let the clouds hang thick and low, and the rain come down to wet the ground around me. The wet ground will give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves; then I can begin to be a vine!"

"I will," answered the sun, and he was hidden behind the clouds in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang thick and low, and the rain began to fall, and the ground began to be wet, and the seed coat began to be soft, until it burst open and out came two green seed leaves; then the seed began to be a vine. Its stem began to lengthen, its leaves began to grow, and its blossoms began to form. The leaves gave shade to the house, and the blossoms gave to the house fragrance and beauty.

NOTE: *in a flash* = instantly.

HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE RESCUED PIG

particular	stuck	plight
swampy	rails	struggling
notice	pity	court

One day Mr. Lincoln and a few friends were riding along a country road that passed a low, swampy place covered with mud and water. In this muddy place they saw a pig stuck so deep that it could not escape. The poor animal was squealing for help and was struggling hard to get out of the hole. But the more it struggled, the deeper it sank into the soft, wet ground.

The other men took no particular notice of the pig. But Mr. Lincoln said, "I am going to stop and help the poor thing out."

One of his companions, who was anxious that young Lincoln should appear well in court, answered: "Remember, Abe, you are going to speak in court to-day. How your clothes will look if you pull the pig out of that mudhole!"

The others said, "He will get out if he tries hard enough." They rode on until they were out of sight and hearing of the poor pig.

Mr. Lincoln rode on with them, but he could not keep the pig out of his thoughts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"That pig belongs to some farmer in the neighborhood," he said to himself. "It would be a pity for the owner to lose it. And it is too bad for the poor pig to lose its life that way."

After going for some distance with the others, he turned his horse about and rode back to the spot where the pig had almost disappeared in the mud. He took some rails from a fence by the roadside and laid them down in the mud. He then stepped on to this platform, caught the pig in his arms, and pulled it out of the hole. The poor, frightened creature kicked and struggled so hard that it covered Mr Lincoln with mud from his head to his feet.

He placed the pig safely on the road, restored the rails to the fence from which he had taken them, and hurried off to overtake his comrades. When they saw him, they began to make fun of his soiled clothes.

"Your clothes are a sight," said one.

"Never mind the clothes," said Mr. Lincoln, laughing at his plight. "A little cleaning will make them all right again. I know that pig is out of its misery and that takes the pain out of my mind, too."

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS

craft	diligently	notice
especially	contrivance	undaunted
fastened	uncertain	canals

Little Robert was an American boy who liked to work with his hands. He liked especially to make boats, and when he was a tiny fellow, he made his first craft, which was a stick with a string tied to one end. The little boatman put his wee vessel into a tub of water, and made it go by pulling the string.

One day when Robert was older, he made a better boat and put a sail upon it. Using a piece of board for the bottom of his ship, the little shipbuilder cut a round hole in the middle of the board. Into this hole he stuck a straight stick; this was the mast. He tied one end of a three-cornered piece of cloth to the front of the board, one end to the top of the mast, and the other end to the bottom of the mast. This was the sail. The tiny ship was then ready for its first voyage across the sea.

The young seaman ran to his father and said, "I am Captain Robert Fulton, and my ship sails to-day. Do you wish to make a voyage across the ocean in my ship, sir?"

"At what hour do you sail, Captain Fulton?"

"We start at exactly twelve o'clock, noon, sir," answered the little captain.

"Then I shall buy a ticket for Liverpool."

Robert launched his vessel in a small pond in the yard, but it could not sail because there was no wind that day. The little sailor blew his breath upon the sail, but even then the ship could not go far.

"The wind is dead to-day. We must wait for the wind to blow again," the captain explained to his passenger, and while he waited for sailing weather, he drew a picture of his ship and fastened it to the sail.

When Robert was old enough, he went to school and studied diligently, but he liked always to make new contrivances with his knife, his hammer, and his nails, and he still continued his early liking for boats. His teacher once said, "When Robert is older, I am sure he will make some new thing which will be very useful."

Robert Fulton lived a hundred years ago. Then boats were moved along the canals by poles in the hands of men, or they were drawn along by horses walking on the shore, and pulling them by means of ropes. Boats were also moved on rivers, lakes, and the ocean by the wind. Robert saw how slowly the boats moved by such means. He also knew how uncertain the wind was.

"There must be better ways than these to move boats," he often said to his friend. "Poles, paddles, and horses move them too slowly; and often the wind does not blow: sometimes it blows too hard from the wrong direction. I wish I could make boats that would move faster than people or horses can make them go and that would be more certain than the wind."

His friend said to him one day, "Wise men tell us that steam will make boats go."

"I will try to make a boat that will move by steam," said Robert, instantly. And at once the young inventor began to think how he could make such a boat. He thought for days and nights and tried many different plans. At last he was sure he had found the secret of moving a boat by steam. Then he said to the shipbuilders, "Build a boat and put a fire engine inside just as I shall direct you."

Week after week and month after month the young man worked to complete his new boat, with its great engine inside to make the steam, and its great wheels outside to make the boat go.

At last the greatest day of Robert Fulton's life came, when his boat was finished and ready to move by steam up the Hudson River from New York City.

"I shall name her the *Clermont*," he exclaimed to

his friends, "and on Friday she shall start up the river to Albany."

During the week a notice appeared in the city papers which read, "The steamboat *Clermont* will leave New

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE *CLERMONT* UP THE HUDSON RIVER

York for Albany on Friday, August 7, 1807, at one o'clock P.M. Any one wishing to go to Albany may take passage upon this boat."

Only a few people dared to go on "the new kind of boat."

"It has a great fire engine and a great machine for making steam inside of it," they said. "We do not dare risk our lives on such a boat. What a foolish man this Fulton is to think he can move a boat by steam. Steam cannot make a boat go. We have seen steam come from the pots of hot water over the fire, but of course that steam will not move a big boat."

But on Friday, as Captain Fulton had said, the *Clermont,* with her undaunted captain, her crew, and her twelve passengers, left New York and steamed up the Hudson River. The banks of the river were crowded with excited people, who watched the wonderful boat steam quickly from their sight.

Then they said, "What a wise man, and what a great man this Fulton is to make a boat go by steam."

The *Clermont* reached Albany, one hundred and fifty miles above New York, and returned safely in three days.

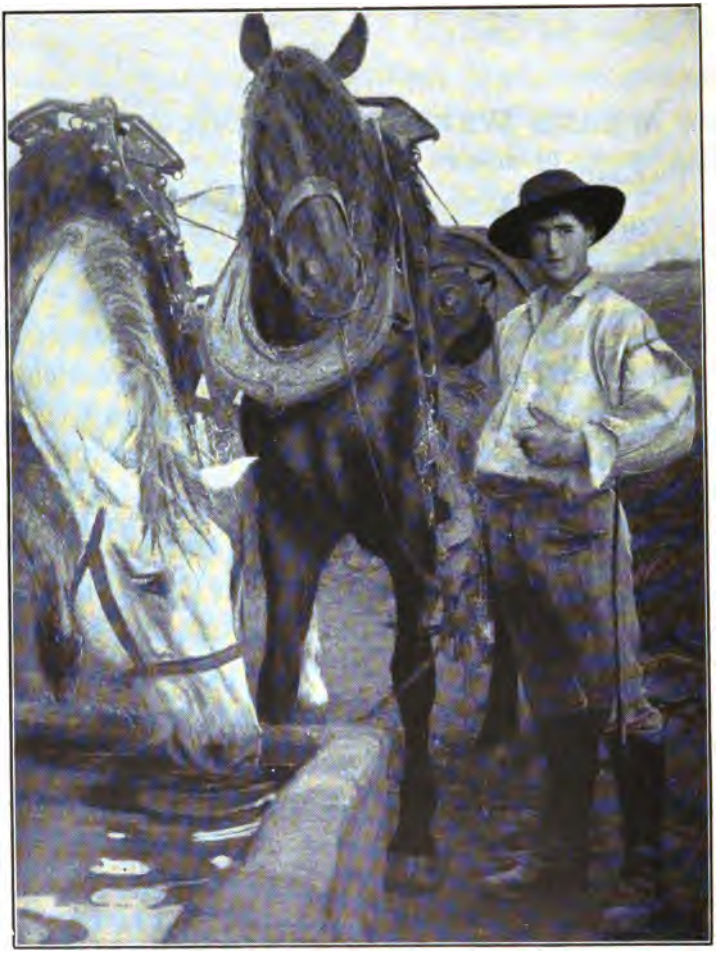
As I have already told you, it was a hundred years ago that Robert Fulton built the first successful steamboat. To-day ships move by steam on canals, on rivers, on lakes, and on seas the world over. Great ships cross the wide oceans very swiftly by steam. And for the beginning of all this we must look back to little Robert's first boat, which was a stick with a string tied to one end.

A LAND WHERE EVERYBODY WORKS

fertility	discriminated
arable	belabored
truck	rhythmical

There is perhaps no more careful farming anywhere on earth than in the little countries of Belgium and Holland. Neither Belgium nor Holland is more than about one tenth the size of the Philippines, yet each supports nearly the same population. If the Philippines were as thickly settled as Belgium and Holland, our population would be about 60,000,000, or two thirds that of the entire United States.

Belgium is also remarkable as showing what a high degree of fertility has been developed in what was originally a poor sandy soil — this having been so carefully built up by skillful cultivation that this little kingdom — no larger than a dozen good-sized provinces — produced on its small arable area last year more than 7,000,000 cavanes of wheat, besides an enormous production of truck, vegetables, and feeding crops.



KINGLY WORK HORSES

And the horses, the magnificent horses: they are themselves worth making a trip to Europe to see! Kingly animals they are, bearing themselves as if conscious of royal blood, strong as lions, but thoroughly gentle, beautiful in form, hauling gigantic loads on wagons which when empty would alone make good loads for the miserable looking dray horses one sees in so many other countries, — and doing it all with such wonderful ease and with such majestic and rhythmical movements that it is a positive pleasure just to watch them for an hour at a time.

Over in Europe the farmers believe in three things: (1) *Good stock;* (2) *plenty of it;* (3) *good care of it.* All the animals, I must say, seem sleek, well fed, and in good spirits. I haven't seen a horse's ribs nor a cow's since I have been in Europe: the European will not have poor stock.

Before passing to any other question, I may also say that even the cow is not discriminated against over here in that she must often pull carts or plows, and so assist in making and harvesting the crops. *In Europe everything works.* That is why these countries support ten to twenty times the population supported by similar areas in some other countries. Even the dogs are pressed into service, and the little

EVEN THE DOGS ARE PRESSED INTO SERVICE

carts drawn by one, two, or three big dogs are common sights in Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels.

— CLARENCE POE.

AFTER THE RAIN

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plow boy is whooping — anon — anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on
And he was off to the garden swing
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep"—
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed—
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—JOY ALLISON.

MUSTAPHA, THE TAILOR

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

magician	staircase	genie
niche	scheme	aspect
terrace	thunderstruck	triumphant
precious	summoned	wretched

PART I

In one of the large cities of China a boy once lived named Aladdin. He was the son of a tailor, and he liked to play better then he liked to learn his father's trade.

When Aladdin was about fifteen, his father, Mustapha, died, leaving him in the care of his mother.

One day he was playing in the street and a strange-looking man stopped to observe him. This stranger was an African magician, and had arrived from Africa only a few days before. The magician seemed interested in the boy, and he made inquiries about him of those who knew him well.

"Child," he said to Aladdin, "was not your father called Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he is dead."

Then the African magician embraced Aladdin, and kissed him, saying, with tears in his eyes, "I am your uncle. You are so like my dear brother that I knew you at first sight." Then he embraced Aladdin again and put two pieces of gold into his hand, telling him to carry the present to his mother. "And tell your mother," said he, "that I shall come to sup with her to-night."

Aladdin ran home with the money, and all day long his mother made ready to receive their guest. Just as they began to fear that he might not find the house, the African magician knocked at the door and came in, bringing cakes and fruits of every sort. After words of greeting to them both, he asked only to be placed where he might face the couch on which Mustapha used to sit.

"My poor brother!" he exclaimed. "How unhappy

I am not to have come soon enough to have given him one last embrace!"

Then he told Aladdin's mother that he had left their native land of China forty years before and had traveled in many lands, and had finally settled in Africa. The desire seized him to see his brother and his home once more, and therefore he had come, alas! too late.

When the widow wept at the thought of her husband, the African turned to Aladdin and asked:—

"What business do you follow? Have you learned any trade?"

The boy hung his head, and the mother added to his shame by saying, "Aladdin will not learn his father's trade, and he spends his time where you found him, playing in the streets."

Again the widow wept, and the magician said:—

"That is not well, nephew. But there are many trades besides your father's. Would you not like to have a shop, which I will furnish with fine silks and linens to sell?"

Aladdin was delighted with the plan. "Well, then," said the magician, "come with me to-morrow, and, after clothing you handsomely, we will open the shop."

Soon after supper the stranger took his leave. On the next day he brought the boy his promised clothes, and entertained him with a company of merchants

at his inn. When he brought Aladdin home to his mother at night, she called many blessings on his head for his kindness to her son.

Early the next morning the magician came for Aladdin, saying they would spend that day in the country, and on the next, they would buy the shop. So away they walked through the gardens and palaces outside the gates of the city.

At last they rested by a fountain, and ate the cakes and fruit which they had brought with them. Then they went still farther into the country, till they reached a place between two high mountains. In that place the magician was to do the work which had brought him from Africa.

"We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin. "I will show you here some strange things. While I strike a light, you can gather a bundle of dry sticks to kindle a fire with."

There was soon a great heap of sticks, and when they were in a blaze, the magician threw some incense into the fire, and spoke magical words which Aladdin did not understand.

This was scarcely done when the earth opened just before the magician, and they both saw a stone with a brass ring in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician held him.

"Do not be afraid, child, but obey me promptly," he said. "If you will do this, you shall have the good things I intend for you. Under this stone there is a treasure that will make you richer than the greatest monarch on earth. No one but yourself can lift the stone or enter the cave; so you must do instantly whatever I command, for this is a matter of great importance to both of us."

"Well, uncle, what is to be done?" said Aladdin, losing his fear.

"Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone."

"Indeed, uncle, I am not strong enough; you must help me."

"No," said the magician; "if I help you, we can do nothing. Lift it yourself, and it will come easily." Aladdin obeyed, raised the stone with ease, and laid it aside.

PART II

When the stone was pulled up, a staircase appeared, about four feet deep, leading to a door.

"Descend, my son," said the magician, "and open that door. It will lead you into a palace divided into three great halls, but never touch the walls, even with your clothes. If you do, you will die instantly.

"At the end of the third hall you will find a door opening into a garden planted with trees loaded with fine fruit. Walk across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche, and in the niche you will see a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put the light out. Throw away the wick and pour out the liquor, which is not oil. Then put the lamp into your waistband and bring it to me."

The magician took a ring from his finger and put it on Aladdin's, saying: "This is a charm against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin went down, found all to be as the magician had said, and carefully obeyed his orders. When he had put the lamp into his waistband, he wondered at the beauty of the fruit in the garden — white, red, green, blue, purple, yellow, and of all other colors. He gathered some of every sort. The fruits were really

precious jewels, but Aladdin did not know their great value, and he would have preferred figs, oranges, or pomegranates. Still, he filled two purses his uncle had given him. He also filled the skirts of his robes.

Then he returned with great care, and found the magician waiting for him.

"Pray, uncle," he said, "lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," replied the magician. "It will be troublesome to you."

"Indeed, uncle, I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up."

The magician was determined to take the lamp at once from the boy's hand, but the boy was so laden with his fruit that he refused to give up the lamp before he was out of the cave. This disobedience drove the magician into a rage. He threw more incense into the fire, and spoke two magical words. Instantly the stone moved back into its place, and the earth covered it up as it was when they reached the spot.

Aladdin had been deceived by one who was not his uncle, but a cruel enemy. This man had learned from his magic books about the secret and the value of the wonderful lamp. This lamp would make him richer than any earthly ruler, if it were given into his hands by another person while that person was still in the

cave. He chose Aladdin to get the lamp for him, and when his scheme failed, he returned immediately to Africa.

Aladdin was indeed in a sorry plight. He called his uncle, but in vain. The earth was closed above him, and also the palace door below him. His cries and tears brought him no help.

At last he said: "There is no strength or power in anything but in the great and high God," and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Instantly a genie of frightful aspect appeared, and said: —

"What would you have? I am ready to obey you. I and the other slaves of that ring serve him who wears it on his finger."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of such a figure; but his danger gave him courage to say: "Whoever you are, deliver me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself outside the cave, of which no sign was to be seen on the surface of the earth. He lost no time in making his way home, where he told his mother of his strange adventure. They were both very bitter against the cruel magician, but this did not prevent Aladdin from sleeping until late the next morning. As there was

nothing for breakfast, he thought of selling the lamp in order to buy food.

"Here it is," said his mother, "but it is very dirty. If I rub it clean, I believe it will be worth more money."

As soon as she began to rub the lamp, a hideous genie of great size appeared before her, and said in a voice of thunder —

"What would you have? I am ready to be the slave of the one who holds the lamp in his hands."

In terror at the sight, Aladdin's mother fainted; but the boy, who had already seen a genie, said boldly: "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared, and returned in an instant with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered silver dishes filled with tempting food, six large cakes, two baskets of fruit, and two silver cups. All these were placed upon a carpet, and the genie disappeared before Aladdin's mother had come out of her swoon.

When she was herself again, they satisfied their hunger, and still there was food enough for the remainder of that day and for two meals on the next. This they put aside, and Aladdin told his mother all that had passed between him and the genie during the swoon. She thought it all a dangerous and wicked business, and begged Aladdin to sell the lamp and the ring; but he persuaded her to let him keep both of them.

When they had eaten all the food the genie had brought, Aladdin sold the silver plates one by one to a dealer, who cheated him by paying him only a small part of their value, and yet made the boy think himself rich. The tray he sold last; and when the money it brought was spent, he rubbed the lamp again. Again the genie appeared, and provided the mother and son with another feast and other silver dishes. These kept them in money for some time longer.

All that time Aladdin was visiting the shops of the merchants and was gaining a knowledge of the world. He had also become active and industrious and had a desire to improve himself. From the jewelers he came to know that the fruits he had gathered in the garden under the mountain were precious stones of untold value.

PART III

One day, as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed that the people should close their shops and houses and keep within doors while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Emperor's daughter, should go to the bath and return.

Aladdin was filled with an eager desire to see the Princess and hid himself behind a door. When she was a short distance away from Aladdin, she removed her

veil, and he saw for a moment one of the most beautiful faces in the world. When she passed by him, he left his hiding place and went home, thoughtful and grave.

"Are you ill?" asked his mother.

"No," he answered, "but I love the Princess more than I can tell and have decided that I will ask for her in marriage from her father, the Emperor."

His mother thought him mad, but Aladdin said: "I have the slaves of the lamp and the ring to help me," and then he told her for the first time what riches he owned in the jewels that he had brought from the underground palace. "These," he said, "will gain the favor of the Emperor. You have a large china dish fit to hold them; get it, and let us see how they will look when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Their eyes were dazzled by the splendor of the jewels when they were arranged in the dish, and Aladdin's mother consented to take them to the Emperor and ask for his daughter's hand for her son.

Early the next morning she wrapped the dish in two fine napkins and set out for the palace. Though the crowd was great, she made her way into the audience hall, and placed herself just before the Emperor, the Grand Vizier, and the other lords of his court. But

there were many cases for him to hear and judge, and her turn to speak with him did not come that day.

For seven days more she carried the jewels to the audience hall in the same place, and on the seventh day she was called forward. She bowed her head till it touched the carpet on the platform of the throne. After bidding her to rise, the Emperor said: —

"Good woman, I have observed you many days. What business brings you here?"

"Monarch of monarchs," she replied, "I beg you to pardon the boldness of my petition."

"Well," said he, "I will forgive you, and no hurt shall come to you. Speak boldly."

The Emperor's kind words gave her courage to tell the errand on which her son had sent her. He listened without anger till she was done, and then asked her what she had brought in a napkin. She took the china dish from the napkin and presented it to the Emperor.

His wonder knew no bounds when he looked upon the jewels. Not until he had received the gift from the woman's hands could he find words to say, "How rich! how beautiful!"

Then he turned to the Grand Vizier, and said: "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before. What do you say to such a present? Is it not worthy of the

Princess, my daughter? Ought I not to give her to one who values her at so great a price?"

The Grand Vizier replied that the present was worthy of the Princess. "But," he continued, "wait for three months. Before that time I hope that my son, whom you regard with favor, will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, of whom your Majesty knows nothing."

The Emperor granted this request, and said to Aladdin's mother:—

"Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to what you have proposed, but he cannot marry the Princess, my daughter, for three months. At the end of that time come again."

The news which Aladdin's mother brought home filled them both with joy. From that time he counted every week, day, and hour as they passed. When two of the three months were gone, Aladdin's mother went out one evening to buy some oil, and found the streets full of joyful people, and officers busy with preparations for some festival.

"What does it mean?" she asked the oil merchant.

"Where have you been, good woman," said he, "that you do not know that the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Emperor's daughter, to-night?"

Home she ran to Aladdin, and cried: "Child, you are undone! The Emperor's fine promises will come to naught. This night the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

Aladdin was thunderstruck, but wasted no time in idle words against the Emperor. He went at once to his chamber, took the lamp, rubbed it as before, and instantly the genie appeared, and said to him: —

"What would you have? I am ready to obey you as your slave, I and the other slaves of the lamp."

"Hear me," said Aladdin. 'The Emperor's daughter, who was promised to me as my bride, will this night wed the son of the Grand Vizier. Bring them both to me before they are married."

"Master," said the genie, "I obey."

Aladdin did not have to wait long after supping with his mother and going to his chamber to be shown again that the genie was indeed his faithful slave. On this night and the next the Princess and the Grand Vizier's son were borne away from the Emperor's palace and returned each morning in a manner which none could understand, not even they themselves.

The strange event was told to few, but the Emperor was one of them. He consulted with the Grand Vizier; and, as both of these parents feared to expose the young couple to further dangers from unseen foes, the marriage

was cancelled, and all the merrymaking in honor of it was stopped.

None but Aladdin knew the cause of all the trouble, and he kept his secret to himself. Least of all did the Emperor and the Grand Vizier, who had forgotten Aladdin, suspect that he had a hand in the matter.

Of course Aladdin had not forgotten the Emperor's promise, and on the very day which ended the three months his mother came again to his Majesty and stood in her old place. When the Emperor saw her, she was called forward. She bowed to the floor, and said:—

"Sir, I come at the end of three months to ask you to fulfill the promise you made to my son."

The Emperor could not believe that the woman was in earnest in her request. After a few words with the Grand Vizier, he decided to make a demand which he thought Aladdin could not fulfill.

"Good woman," he said, "it is true that rulers ought to keep their word, and I am ready to keep mine. But I cannot marry my daughter without further proof that your son will be able to support her in royal state, so you may tell him that I will give him my daughter when he shall send me forty trays of gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already given me. These trays must be carried by forty black slaves, who shall

be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. When this is done, I will give my daughter, the Princess, to him."

Part IV

As Aladdin's mother hurried home she laughed to think how far the Emperor's demand would be beyond her son's power to fulfill.

"He awaits your answer," she said to Aladdin when she had told him all, and added, laughing, "I believe he must wait long."

"Not so long as you think," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle. I will prepare to answer it at once."

In his own chamber he summoned the genie of the lamp, who appeared without delay, and promised to carry out Aladdin's commands. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by as many white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a tray of heavy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then said to his mother:—

"Madam, pray lose no time. Go to the Emperor and make this gift to him, that he may see how earnestly I desire his daughter's hand."

With Aladdin's mother at its head, the procession

began to move through the streets, which were soon filled with people praising the beauty and bearing of the slaves, splendidly dressed, and walking at an equal distance from one another. The richest robes of the court looked poor beside the dresses of these slaves.

When they had all entered the palace, they formed a half circle around the throne; the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, touched it with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did likewise. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

Aladdin's mother then advanced to the throne, bowed to the floor, and said: —

"Sir, my son knows that this present is much below the notice of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, but he hopes that your Majesty will accept it, and make it pleasing to the Princess. His hope is the greater because he has tried to carry out your own wish."

With delight the Emperor replied: —

"Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the Princess, my daughter, the greater pleasure he will give me."

Aladdin's mother made haste to carry the good news to her son.

"My son," she said, "you may rejoice, for the Emperor has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin was overjoyed, but, saying little, he went to his chamber. Here he rubbed the lamp, and, when its slave appeared, said: —

"Genie, take me at once to a bath, and give me the richest robes ever worn by a monarch."

This was soon done, and he found himself again in his own chamber, where the genie asked if he had any other commands.

"Yes," answered Aladdin; "bring me a horse better than the best in the Emperor's stables. Furnish twenty slaves, richly clothed, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves as richly dressed as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor's. I also want ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste!"

The commands were instantly fulfilled, and Aladdin gave the six women slaves to his mother. Of the ten purses he gave four to his mother and the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who had brought them, saying that they must march before him and throw the money by handfuls into the crowd as the procession moved to the palace.

Aladdin had never ridden before, but now he rode with the grace of a practiced horseman. It was no wonder that the people made the air echo with their shouts, especially when the slaves threw out the handfuls of gold.

The Emperor met him at the palace and embraced him, and made him sit near the throne. Then there was a great feast, and afterwards the contract of marriage between the Princess and Aladdin was made. When the Emperor asked him if he would stay in the palace and complete the marriage that day, Aladdin answered: —

"Sir, I beg to be allowed to build a castle worthy of the Princess, your daughter. I pray you to give me ground enough near your own, and I will have the castle finished with the greatest speed."

The request was granted, and Aladdin took his leave with as much politeness as if he had always been at court. Again, as he passed through the streets, the people shouted and wished him joy. In his own chamber, he took the lamp, rubbed it, and there was the genie.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its material be of the rarest. Let its walls be of heavy gold and silver bricks. Let each front contain six

windows, and let the lattices of these be of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, beyond anything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be courts and a garden, kitchens, storehouses, stables, offices, servants, and slaves. Above all provide a safe treasure house, and fill it with gold and silver. Go, and fulfill my wishes."

Early the next morning the genie returned, and bore Aladdin to the place where the palace had been built. Everything was done as Aladdin had commanded.

When the Emperor looked out of his window in the morning, he was amazed to see a shining building where there had been but an empty garden the night before. "It must be Aladdin's palace," he said, "which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders he can do in a night."

Soon Aladdin appeared; and when in royal pomp he left his humble house for the last time, he did not fail to take with him the wonderful lamp which had brought him all his good fortune, or to wear the ring he had received as a charm.

PART V

His marriage to the Princess was performed with the greatest splendor. There was feasting and music and dancing, and when the Princess was brought to her new palace, she was dazzled by its richness.

The next day Aladdin with a troop of slaves went to ask the Emperor, the Grand Vizier, and the lords of the court to a feast in the palace of the Princess. The Emperor gladly consented, and the nearer he came to the building, the more he wondered at its grandeur. When he entered the hall of the twenty-four windows, he exclaimed: —

"This palace is one of the wonders of the world. Where else shall we find walls built of gold and silver, and windows of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds?"

Aladdin won the love not only of the Emperor but also of the people. As he went to one temple or another to pray, or paid visits to the Grand Vizier and lord of the court, he caused two slaves who walked by the side of his horse to throw handfuls of money to the people in the streets. Thus he lived for years, making himself dear to all.

About this time the African magician, who had

supposed Aladdin was dead in the cave where he had left him, learned by his magic art that Aladdin had made his escape, and by the help of the genie of the wonderful lamp was living in royal splendor.

On the very next day the magician set out for the capital of China. There he quickly learned of Aladdin's wealth and goodness. As soon as he saw the palace he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have built it, and he was filled with envy and with anger at Aladdin for having the things that he himself wanted.

When he learned by his magic that Aladdin did not carry his lamp about with him, but left it in the palace, he rubbed his hands with glee, and said, "Well, I shall have the lamp, and I shall make Aladdin return again to his humble life."

The next morning he learned that Aladdin had gone with a hunting party, to be absent eight days. He sent at once to a shop and asked for a dozen copper lamps. The merchant promised to have them the next day, and said he would have them all handsome and well polished.

When the magician came back and paid for them, he put them in a basket and started for Aladdin's palace. As he drew near he began crying: "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?"

The Princess was in the hall with the twenty-four windows, and, seeing a crowd outside, sent one of her women to find out what the man was crying. The slave returned laughing, and told of the foolish offer. Another slave, hearing it, said:—

"There is an old lamp upon the shelf of the Prince Aladdin's room. Whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its place. If the Princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of seeing whether this old man is silly enough to exchange one of his new lamps for this old one."

The Princess, who knew not the value of the lamp, thought it would be a good joke to do as her slave suggested, and in a few moments it was done.

The magician did not stop to cry "New lamps for old ones" again, but hurried out of the town.

When he reached a lonely spot, he pulled the old lamp from under his cloak and, to make sure that it was the one he wanted, he rubbed it. Instantly the genie appeared and said:—

"What would you have? I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands."

"I command you," replied the magician, "to bear me and the palace with all the people in it, to Africa."

The genie made no reply, but in a moment he and the

other slaves of the lamp had borne the magician and the entire palace to the spot where he wished it to stand.

Early the next morning, when the Emperor went to gaze upon Aladdin's palace, it was nowhere to be seen. How so large a building that had been standing for some years could disappear so completely he could not understand.

PART VI

The Grand Vizier was summoned to explain it. In secret he was an enemy to Aladdin. So he said, "The very building of the palace was by magic, and the hunting party is only an excuse for the removal of the palace by the same magic." With such talk he persuaded the Emperor to send his guards to bring Aladdin to the palace.

When he appeared in chains, the Emperor ordered him put to death. This displeased the people so much that the Emperor, fearing a riot, granted him his life and let him speak.

"Sir," said Aladdin, "I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have lost your favor."

"Your crime!" answered the Emperor; "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you."

Then he led Aladdin to a window and said: "You

ought to know where your palace stood; look, and tell me what has become of it."

Aladdin was much amazed. "True, it has vanished," he said after a speechless pause, "but I had nothing to do with its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure."

"I will give you the time you ask," answered the Emperor, "but at the end of forty days forget not to present yourself before me."

For three days Aladdin wandered about the city, exciting the pity of all he met by asking if they had seen his palace, or could tell where it was. On the third day he wandered into the country. As he approached a river he slipped and fell down a bank. Clutching at a rock to save himself, he rubbed his ring, and instantly the genie whom he had seen in the cave appeared before him.

"What would you have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of all those that have the ring on their finger."

Aladdin had never thought of help from the ring, and said with delight:—

"Genie, show me where my palace now stands, or bring it back where it first stood."

"Your command," answered the genie, "is not

wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp."

"I command you, then," replied Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to bear me to the spot where my palace stands."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth than he found himself in the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood. Directly above him was the window of his wife's chamber.

Just then one of the household looked out and saw him, and told the good news to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. She could not believe it to be true, and, hastening to the window, opened it herself with a noise which made Aladdin look up. He saluted her with an air of joy, and in a moment he entered by a private door and was in her arms.

After shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, "I beg you, Princess, to tell me what has become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my chamber."

"Alas!" answered the Princess, "I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp; I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, stopping her, "you have

told me all by telling me that we are in Africa. Now tell me where the old lamp is."

"The African magician," answered the Princess, "carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom. This I know, because one day he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph."

Aladdin quickly left the palace, bought a certain powder, and returned to the Princess. He told her what she must do.

When the magician should come to the palace, she must pretend to be friendly and ask him to sup with her. "Before he leaves," said Aladdin, "ask him to drink in your honor. Give him the cup containing this powder. He will instantly fall asleep, and we shall obtain the lamp, whose slaves will bear us and the palace back to the capital of China."

It was not long before the magician came to the palace, and the Princess did exactly as Aladdin had directed her. At the end of the evening, she offered her guest the cup. He drank it in her honor, and fell back on the couch.

Aladdin was quickly called, and he found the lamp hidden in the garments of the magician. He rubbed it, and the genie stood before him.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "I command you to bear this palace back to the place where it first stood."

The genie bowed his head and departed. In a moment the palace was in China, and its removal was felt only by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, and the other when it was set down.

Early the next morning the Emperor was looking from his window and mourning for his daughter. He could not believe his eyes when he saw her palace standing in its old place. But as he looked more closely he was convinced, and joy filled his heart. He ordered a horse and was on his way to the palace, when Aladdin, looking from the hall of twenty-four windows, saw him coming, and hastened to help him dismount. He was brought at once to the Princess, and both wept tears of joy. When the strange events had been partly explained, he said to Aladdin: —

"My son, be not displeased at the harshness I showed towards you. It rose from a father's love, and therefore you will forgive it."

"Sir," replied Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This wicked magician, the wickedest of men, was the cause of all."

— SARAH C. BROOKS — *adapted from* "Arabian Nights."

BILLY TOPSAIL'S DOG

failed	punt	mystified
resembled	attracted	terror
supplied	attention	nevertheless

Billy Topsail was a fisherman's son, born at Ruddy Cove, a fishing village on the coast of Newfoundland.

Billy Topsail in the course of a day's work had his first adventure. This first adventure was caused by a gust of wind and his own dog Skipper.

Skipper was a big Newfoundland dog with black and white hair, and broad, strong shoulders. He was heavy, awkward, and ugly, resembling a great horse. He had never stolen so much as a fish from any one in the town, so that he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of Ruddy Cove.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, boy!"

The ringing call in the voice of Billy Topsail never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush. If Billy's call meant sport in the water, Skipper would paw the ground and whine until the stick was flung out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the

boat to the fishing grounds with Billy Topsail, and there he kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat in the bow of the boat, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called Skipper.

"HE WOULD SAVE LIFE — THAT DOG WOULD"

"He is a clever dog," was Billy's boast. "He would save life — that dog would. Skipper," Billy Topsail would ejaculate, "you *are* a clever dog."

One day in the spring of the year, when high winds rise suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from his boat, the *Never Give Up*. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say — gray, cold, and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles distant.

Thicker weather threatened, and the day was far spent.

"It is time to be off home, boy," said Billy, to the dog. "It is getting thick in the southwest."

Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy supplied the answer.

"It is that, Billy, boy," said he. "The punt is as much as one boy can manage in a fair wind."

Then Billy said a word for himself. "We'll put in for ballast. The punt is too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to a little cove and there loaded her with rocks. By this time other punts were turned homeward. The *Never Give Up* was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion that Billy Topsail's heart swelled with pride.

But the wind gained in force. It was sweeping down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength.

"We'll reach the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

A gust caught the sails, the ballast of the *Never Give Up* shifted, and she toppled over. Boy and dog were thrown into the sea. Billy dived to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in danger.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast. Even as he looked, she sank. The tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea — cold, fretful, vast — lay all about him. The coast was half a mile distant, the punts out to

"THE WIND HAD GAINED IN FORCE"

sea were beating towards him, but they could make little speed against the wind. He had to choose between the punts on the sea and the rocks on the shore.

A whine — with a strange note in it — attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach him quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, boy! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely, and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. The dog acted as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His eyes were flaring. Such a light had never been in those kind eyes before.

Billy thought it was terror he saw in them. The dog was afraid for his life was his conclusion. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of Skipper — the old affectionate Skipper — his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd.

But he was afraid, nevertheless — and he was desperately afraid of his own Skipper.

"Back, boy!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

Billy Topsail was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold — cold, often, as the icebergs can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behavior of the dog which disturbed him — his failure in obedience, which Billy could not understand.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

Billy raised his hand as if to strike him, — a threatening gesture, which had sent Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again. It was plain that the dog was not to be driven away. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands, and kicked at the dog with his feet.

Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost. But he was no match for the dog. Skipper forged after him. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog caught one foot with his paw and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up, paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried, "you'll drown me! Get back!"

Then there seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink — down — down

— as deep as he dared. Down — down — until he retained only breath enough to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog rose as high as he could force himself and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears cocked. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long, mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment the men in the other boats could see nothing of boy or dog. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom.

Billy knew that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long could he keep the dog off? He could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy was ten yards ahead.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? He was not.

Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more strength into his strokes. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. He dived again to escape.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up — waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow — good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir — back!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined than ever. Billy waited for him, and, when the dog was within reach, struck him in the face.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked the boy with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, but the effort was vain; in another moment the dog had laid his heavy paws on his shoulders.

It appeared to him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him — and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm around his neck," called the voice.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this command. Skipper swam anxiously to him. He hoped that the boy at last would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the neck when he

was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.

There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog decided upon the direction he would take. He saw the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Towards them he swam, and there was something of pride in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, the dog had only wanted to save Billy.

That night Billy Topsail took Skipper aside for a long talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see, I didn't know what you wanted. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, it was Billy Topsail you wanted to save. When I thought you wanted to climb on top of me, it was my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me, it was a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, boy, I beg your pardon. Next time I shall know that all my dog wants is a chance to bring me ashore. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

Skipper only wagged his tail in reply.

—NORMAN DUNCAN—*adapted.*

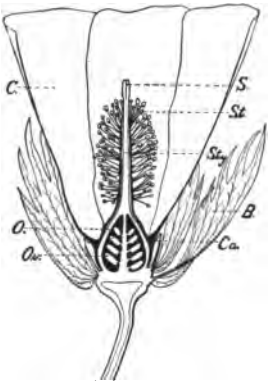
NOTE: *bitter cold* = very cold.

THE FLOWER

"This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows."

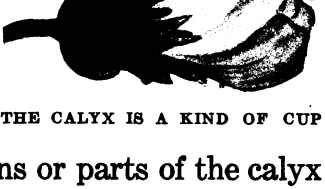
Did you ever see a flower? Do not be surprised, now, for there are thousands and thousands of people who have never *really* seen a flower.

And do not answer my question too quickly. You are getting ready to say that you have seen flowers by the handful, by the lapful, by the yardful, when the chances are that you have never seen a single blossom in all your life.



What do I mean? Why, simply this: There is a great deal more to any flower than can be seen by merely holding it in one's hands for a few seconds and staring it out of countenance. There are hidden wonders in every blossom that unfolds, yet these wonders are not so deeply hidden but that we may find them quickly and easily if we try.

Let us take a flower that we think we know very well — the cotton bloom — and *see* it perhaps for the first time in our lives. The first good, wide-awake look we take at it shows us that it is made up of several different parts. On the outside, and forming a kind of cup to hold and protect the rest of the flower, is a green covering which is called the "calyx." The small divisions or parts of the calyx are called "sepals."



THE CALYX IS A KIND OF CUP

Just inside the calyx is the creamy white "corolla." This is showy and pretty, and by its beauty attracts bees and other insects. The visits of these insects are very important to some flowers, as you will learn later. The separate parts of the corolla are called "petals."

Inside the corolla will be found a number of small stalks with enlarged club-like heads. These are the "stamens." If you will take a pin and open the club-like end of one of the stamens, you will find it full of a yellow powder which is known as "pollen." Did you ever notice collections of yellow-looking powder on small pools of water? Sometimes you can see some of it in the air. Frequently after a rain you can see it left in little drifts where the water has run. This is pollen.

In the center of the flower is a stalk-like part called the "pistil." The outer end of the pistil, or the "stigma," is spread out to catch the pollen, while the enlarged base of it contains the ovules or undeveloped seeds. The development of the ovule makes the seed. By observing the flower from day to day, you will find that the pistil gradually enlarges, the corolla dries up, and usually drops to the ground, and the stamens disappear. You will also observe that the calyx may remain green until the cotton boll is nearly or quite mature.

If you have followed this lesson with a cotton bloom in your hand, you have really *seen* a flower. Make friends with the other flowers about you and find their hidden wonders.

THE SEED

"Whosoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God."

The old mother plant is very careful about her little seed babies. She always gives them warm, snug clothes in plenty, and she never fails to provide them with proper food until they are able to make their own living.

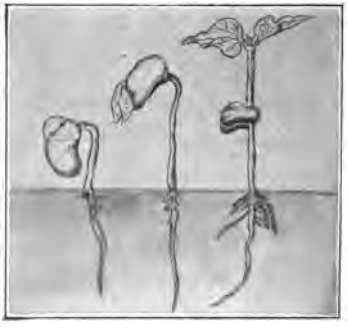
If you will take some bean seeds, soak them for several hours in warm water, and then examine them carefully, you will see a very interesting example of this motherly care on the part of the old plant. In the first place you will find that the little seed has a rather rough, thick outer skin or covering. Remove this and you will find that it is an easy matter to divide the seed into two almost equal parts. These two thick halves are stored-up food for the little plant to use until it gets strong enough to gather food for itself.

You must look very closely as you remove the skin and separate the halves of the seed, for the most interesting part of the whole seed is the tiny plant

which is snugly tucked away right down near one end. The botanist calls this little plant the "embryo."

Plant some beans in warm, moist soil and watch their development by every now and then pulling up one of them and examining it. You will find that the seed has gradually swollen, and that after a while the little plant has burst out, unfolded, and begun to grow. The old seed will be pushed out of the ground, and will divide and act for a while as leaves. As soon as the little plant has used all the food which the old mother plant stored up for it, the old seed will dry up and disappear.

Try planting some English pea seed. In this case you will find that the plant unfolds and develops as the bean does, except that the old seed remains under the ground, where it gives up its food to the young plant, and gradually decays and disappears.



HEIDI[1]

mound	pasture	nibbled
precipice	screamed	butting
herbs	fiercely	amused

PART I

HEIDI IN HER NEW HOME

It was evening. Heidi ran up the mountain as fast as she could go, but now and then she had to stand still because she was out of breath. The basket on her arm was heavy, and the path grew steeper and steeper the higher she went.

The setting sun shone all around on the green slopes of the mountains. On a distant mountain side, a great white snow field came into view. The rocky peaks flamed up to the sky, and rosy clouds drifted high over all.

When the light began to fade, she ran so fast that it was not long before she saw the old hut of her grand-

[1] This charming story is taken from a book of the same name. Heidi is a little Swiss orphan girl who goes to live with her grandfather in his humble home among the Alps mountains. Peter is the goatherd who cares for her grandfather's goats among the green pastures of the mountain side.

father, who lived all alone on the mountain side. On the bench beside his hut her grandfather sat. Over the hut the old pine trees were rocking their branches in

THE WHITE SNOW FIELD CAME INTO VIEW

the evening wind. When Heidi saw her grandfather, she ran faster, and before the old man saw her, the child ran up to him, threw down her basket, and put out her arms, saying, "How do you do, grandfather?"

The grandfather said nothing, but big tears stood in his eyes. He loosened Heidi's arms from his neck, took her hand, and led her into the hut. She looked carefully about the room, saying, "But where shall I sleep, grandfather?"

"Wherever you like," was his answer.

This pleased the little girl. She ran about the room and searched every corner to find the place that would best suit her. Opposite her grandfather's bed was a ladder, that led into the upper room; up this ladder ran Heidi, and found in the upper chamber a bed of fresh, sweet-smelling hay, while from a round hole in the slanting roof she could look far, far away into the valley.

"Oh, I must sleep here! it really is beautiful," cried the child. "Come up!" she called to the old man, "come up, and see how beautiful it is here."

"I know all about it," he answered from below.

"I am making my bed here," said Heidi again, while she worked busily away; "but you must come up, and bring me the sheets, grandfather."

"Well, well," replied her grandfather; and he searched about in the press and at last pulled out from under his shirts two long, coarse linen sheets. He then mounted the ladder with them, and behold there was a smooth little bed all piled up with hay.

Heidi seized the sheets, but, as they were much too long for such a little bed, she tucked them well under. Now it was a charming bed to look at, and the child stood in admiration. "We have forgotten one thing, grandfather," said she, at last.

"What is that?"

"A coverlet, to be sure. When one goes to bed, one must creep in between the two sheets with the cover over the upper sheet."

He descended the ladder and went over to his bed; then, climbing up again, placed a heavy linen cover on the floor. With her grandfather's help it was soon arranged; and then the bed looked so nice and firm, that Heidi exclaimed: "This is a beautiful coverlet, and a perfect bed! I wish it were night, grandfather, that I might lie down."

"I think, however, that we could eat something first. What do you think about that?" he asked.

Heidi had been so much interested about her bed that she had forgotten everything else. Now she remembered and felt suddenly very hungry, for she had eaten nothing since breakfast. Then she had a piece of bread and a little weak coffee, and she had also made a long journey. So Heidi replied heartily to her grandfather's question, "Yes, I think so, indeed."

"Well, go down then, since we agree," said the grandfather, and he followed his grandchild down the ladder. Then going over to the fireplace, he removed the big kettle, and hung a smaller one in its place on the chain, seated himself on the three-legged stool, and blew the fire till there was a blaze, and the kettle began to boil.

Next he held a long iron fork over the fire, with a big piece of cheese, which he turned slowly round and round till it was a golden yellow.

Heidi watched him with keen interest; but suddenly an idea came into her mind, and she sprang away to the press, then back to the table, and again to the press many times. When her grandfather came with the pot of hot goat's milk and the roasted cheese on the fork, there lay the round loaf of bread, two plates, and two knives, all neatly arranged on the clean white cloth. Heidi had noticed everything in the press, and she knew what was needed for the table.

"Now this is nice, that you can think of things yourself," said her grandfather, and he put the cheese upon the bread.

When they had finished eating, the old man went out to the goats' house, and Heidi climbed up to her bed, and was soon fast asleep. Indeed, she slept all night as comfortably as a princess.

PART II

HEIDI IN THE PASTURE

The wind in the night had blown away the last clouds, and everywhere the sky was a wonderful dark blue.

Heidi ran here and there and shouted for joy, for all about her whole troops of red and yellow flowers covered the mountain side and nodded their heads in the gentle breeze. Carried away with delight, the child forgot Peter and the goats and ran off to this side of the path and to that side, for the flowers tempted her in every direction. Gathering great handfuls, she stuffed them into her apron, for she must carry them home and put them in her bedroom.

Poor Peter was obliged to keep his round eyes moving very quickly that day. The goats were like Heidi. They ran about everywhere, while Peter must whistle and shout and swing his rod continually to bring together all the wanderers.

"Where are you now, Heidi?" he called almost angrily.

"Here," came the reply from somewhere.

Peter could see no one, for Heidi sat on the ground behind a little mound that was covered with sweet-smelling flowers. She had never before breathed air so filled with the sweet fragrance of flowers. She opened her mouth wide and took in a deep breath of the fragrant air.

"Come along now," shouted Peter. "You must not fall over the precipice. Your grandfather told me not to let you fall over."

"Where are the precipices?" asked the child, but she did not move from her place among the flowers.

"Away up there. We have a long way to climb. So come along. Up there at the very top, the old eagle sits and screams."

The name of the eagle stirred Heidi. She jumped up and ran to Peter with her apron full of flowers. She kept along with him, and the goats, too, went in better order, for they smelled the sweet herbs from their pasture on the heights and hurried forward without delay.

The pasture where Peter went each day with his flock lay at the foot of a peak that rose steep and bare toward the sky, while its base was covered with small trees and bushes.

When the children reached this spot, Peter took from his back the bag that held their food, and placed it carefully in a little hollow where the wind could not blow it away. Then he stretched himself on the sunny sod to rest after his long climb, while the goats were busy with their breakfast.

Heidi put her apron with the flowers rolled up in it beside the bag, sat down by Peter, and looked about her. Below lay the valley in the full glow of the morning sun; before her across the valley a huge white snow field rose toward the dark blue heaven. Heidi sat and looked and looked at the green valley far below,

the snow-covered mountains beyond, and the deep blue sky over all. Peter had fallen asleep and the goats had climbed up among the bushes. All was very still. Suddenly she heard above her a loud, piercing cry. There, circling overhead with its great wings outspread, a huge eagle screamed fiercely. "Peter! Peter! Wake up!" she cried. "See, see, the eagle is here."

Peter roused himself at her call and the two children gazed long at the bird, which rose higher and higher until at last it disappeared among the gray rocks at the very top of the mountain.

"Where is he now?" asked Heidi as she watched the bird with breathless interest.

"Away up there in his home."

"Let us climb up there to see his home," said Heidi.

"No, indeed," exclaimed Peter. "No goat could ever climb up there, and you would surely fall over the precipice."

Then Peter began to whistle and call so loudly that Heidi wondered what had happened, but the goats understood the call and came running and jumping down the slope. Soon the whole flock was gathered on the green, some nibbling the sweet grass, some running and jumping about from place to place, while others amused themselves by butting each other with their horns.

PART III

HEIDI AND THE GOATS

Heidi ran among the goats and made the acquaintance of each one. "What are their names, Peter?" she asked.

HEIDI AND THE GOATS

He knew them all, and he could carry their names in his little head easily enough, for he had nothing else to think about. So he named them, one by one, pointing to each goat with his finger as he called its name.

There was big Turk with his strong horns, who was always butting the others. When he came near, they ran away and would have nothing to do with their rough comrade. The brave little Thistlebird, a slender, nimble goat, was the only one that did not run from him. Thistlebird often ran at him fiercely, once, twice, sometimes six times, until the great Turk stood still in astonishment and did not try to defend himself.

There was little Snowball, who bleated so sorrowfully that Heidi ran to her and tried to comfort her.

She threw her arms around the little creature's neck and asked: "What is the matter, Snowball? Why do you cry so?" The goat trustingly pressed close to the child's side and bleated no more.

Peter called from where he was sitting. "She does that because her old one does not come with us any more. Your grandfather sold her the day before yesterday."

"Who is the old one?" asked Heidi.

"Her mother," was the answer.

"Where is her grandmother?" asked the child.

"She has no grandmother."

"You poor little Snowball," said Heidi, tenderly pressing the little creature to her side again. "Do not cry any more. I shall come here with you every day. Then you will not be alone. If you want anything, you can call me." Snowball rubbed her head against the little girl's shoulder and was happy.

The animals had begun to climb to the bushes again, each one going in its own way; some springing lightly over the rough ground, and others carefully looking along the way for the sweet, tender grass. Turk tried now and then to give the weaker ones a blow with his horns.

Heidi stood with her hands behind her back and watched them as they went. "Peter," she said to the

boy, "by far the cleanest and prettiest of them all are Schwänli and Bärli."

"Of course they are," was his reply. "Your grandfather washes and combs them every day, and gives them salt to eat, and puts them at night into nice clean stalls."

Suddenly the lad jumped from the ground and was after the goats with great leaps; and Heidi was after him, for something must have happened to the goats, and she could not stay behind. Away ran Peter through the flock to the side of the mountain, where the rocks descend steep and bare far below.

There a careless goat might fall and break all its bones. The watchful boy saw Thistlebird jumping along in that direction, and he reached him just in time. The animal was at the very edge of the precipice. Peter flung himself down on the ground. He seized one of Thistlebird's legs and held it fast. The goat bleated with surprise and anger and struggled to free itself.

Peter screamed, "Heidi, help me." He could not get up, and he was almost pulling off one of the little goat's legs. Heidi quickly pulled some sweet-smelling herbs and held them under Thistlebird's nose. Then she said: "Come, come, Thistlebird, you must be a good goat now. See, you might fall off the rocks and break your bones. That would give you frightful pain."

The goat began eagerly to nibble the herbs from the child's hand. Peter scrambled to his feet and seized the cord around Thistlebird's neck. Heidi grasped it on the other side, and together they led the runaway goat back to the flock.

When Peter had the animal in safety, he raised his rod to beat him. But Heidi cried: "No, Peter! No! You must not beat him. See how frightened he is."

"He deserves it," said Peter, "and I must punish him for running away." But the child seized his arm, calling out indignantly, "You must let him alone."

Her companion dropped his rod and stood staring in surprise at the commanding figure and the flashing eyes of the little girl. Meanwhile the happy Thistlebird bounded back into the flock and escaped the threatened beating.

Thus the day passed away. The sun was just ready to go down behind the mountains. Heidi sat down on the ground and silently gazed at the flowers glowing in the evening light. All the grass seemed tinted with gold, and the cliffs above began to gleam and sparkle. Suddenly the child jumped up and exclaimed: "Peter! Peter! All the mountains are burning, and the big snow field and the sky are on fire! Oh, see! see! The high cliff is all red and the fire reaches up to the eagle's

nest! The rocks and the fir trees,—everything, everything is on fire!"

"It is always that way," answered Peter, good-naturedly, "but it is no fire."

Heidi ran back and forth to look on every side; it was so beautiful everywhere.

"Oh, see! see!" she cried in great excitement. "The fire is going now, Peter!" And the little girl sat down on the ground and looked as distressed as if everything in the world was coming to an end.

"It will be just the same to-morrow," explained Peter. "Come, we must go home now."

"Will it be like that every day when we come up to the pasture?" asked Heidi, as she walked down the mountain by Peter's side.

"Almost every day," was the reply.

"Will it be so to-morrow again?"

"Yes, to-morrow, too," answered Peter.

Then Heidi was happy, but so many things were going around in her mind that she was silent until they came in sight of the hut, and the dear grandfather sitting under the trees waiting for his goats.

— JOHANNA SPYRI — *adapted.*

THE LITTLE DOVES

High on the top of an old pine tree
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three.
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never pushes nor crowds another;
Each opens wide his own little bill
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Wisely the mother begins by and by
To teach her young ones how to fly,
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink.
And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at last draws nigh
The time when they all must say "Good-by."
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine tree.

COURAGE

glistened	admiral	volunteer
fleet	crash	courage
sturdy	enveloped	plight
gallant	disabled	rescue

The blue waters of the ocean stretched away on every side from Sir John Narborough's little fleet of war ships. The ever moving surface glistened and sparkled in the rays of the dazzling sun.

The sturdy English sailors stood on the decks of the vessels, and shaded their eyes with their hands as they looked away over the moving water toward the horizon.

Not an object was in sight. Hours the seamen watched. At last far away on the horizon line a black speck came into view. Another appeared, then another, and another, until the Englishmen counted ten dark objects moving toward their little fleet.

"The enemy's ships!" shouted Sir John's men.

Onward the vessels of war came, in two lines, five ships in a line, bearing directly down upon the little English fleet of five vessels.

"Prepare for action!" was the signal from Sir John to his gallant men-of-war.

Instantly every man was at his post of duty. The decks were prepared for the coming battle. Then in silence the sailors waited for the command to act. At the proper moment this command came.

"Fire!" went forth the signal from Sir John's ship. Instantly followed the flash and roar of cannon. Until the sun went down the crash of the cannonade and the noise of the desperate strife continued.

Around the admiral's ship the fight raged fiercest. Masts were blown away; rigging was lying over the ship's sides. Enveloped in dense smoke, the good ship lay separated from the rest of the fleet. "All guns disabled, sir," reported the master gunner.

Then cried Sir John, "We have fought a great fight, my men, but we are surrounded, cut off, without guns! Volunteer, my brave men! my heroes! Who will carry the news of our plight to one of our ships? Who will go?"

"I, I, sir!" came instantly from a small, high-pitched voice, and the little cabin boy sprang to the center of the deck.

"Oh, please, sir, let me go," he begged. "I can swim like a man. The enemy will not see me. The men are needed here."

"You shall go, my brave boy, and God go with you!" answered the good admiral.

QUICK AS A FLASH THE BOY WAS ON THE RAILING

Quick as a flash the boy's coat and shoes were off, and he was on the railing, ready for his leap.

"Jump far out, boy," shouted the men at his back.

In a cloud of smoke he obeyed. He sank! He rose! He struck out for a friendly ship, and cheers from a hundred throats on that ship told that he was safe on board.

The other ships of his fleet came immediately to Sir John's rescue and broke through the enemy's line. As the sun went down the flag of the enemy went down also, and "We have won a glorious victory" was the greeting signaled by the commander to his gallant little fleet of five.

The next morning on the deck of the admiral's ship the men stood at attention. In front of them stood the admiral. The little cabin boy was at his side. Like a father the kind commander drew the little hero to him. "My little man," he said, "your courage and quick action yesterday saved the ship. Take this purse of gold, my brave boy, and the thanks of every man, for well you have earned both."

The little cabin boy stood very straight. He clasped his hands tightly behind him.

"No, sir," he said, "I do not want the money. I only did my duty, sir. If I have pleased you, sir, I am glad."

A mighty shout burst from the men, who cheered long and loud.

Then with a look of pride on his face, the good Sir John took the boy's hand and said: "My lad, I am proud of you. Every man of our fleet is proud of you. Some day when you have become the great man you are sure to be, all England will be proud of you too."

"Think of it!" said the boy afterwards to his parents. "Our great admiral shook hands with me before all the men, and he said that some day I may be a great man."

And the words of the admiral came true. The brave, quick-witted, and determined little cabin hero became

one of England's greatest admirals, Sir Clowdisley Shovell.

NOTE:

ever moving = always moving.
men-of-war = warships, the ships that compose a navy.
bearing directly down = coming directly toward.
raged fiercest = was fought the hardest.
at attention = in line ready to give the military salute.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

Little strokes fell great oaks.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

There are no gains without pains.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

What we call time enough always proves little enough.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

PETRA'S HOME

THE RAILROAD

wonder	flutter	wail
frightened	resolutely	somersault
wits	vigorously	whisked

A wild story came to little Petra's ears one morning as she was going to school, and no wonder she was frightened out of her little wits. As she came around the corner of the schoolhouse a whole troop of her schoolmates sprang up to meet her. They all cried at once, "The railroad! the railroad! Oh, have you heard where they are going to put the railroad?"

"Yes," said little Petra; "I know they are building a railroad through our town."

"Oh, but that is nothing! It is going to run straight through your house!" exclaimed Nieves.

"Straight through your front door!" added Felisa.

"Now, I don't believe that," replied Petra. "A railroad can't get through a door."

"Why, of course it cannot," said Nieves, "but they will take the door out; they will pull the house down." Nieves had a very hazy notion about railroads, for she had never seen one.

"I don't believe there is going to be any railroad," said Petra, for she did wish to save the front door of her home.

"Oh! yes, there is! I heard my father say it is coming right through your house. And my father knows all about it. It is coming now."

"And, Petra, if I were you," said Nieves, in a low voice, "I wouldn't stay at school to-day. I would go straight home and put my boxes and things together to save them. I expect they will tear the house down right away. I shouldn't wonder if they had it all torn down by the time you get home."

Now Petra's heart was in a flutter all day, though she resolutely refused to go home. She even persisted in saying to the girls, "There is not going to be any railroad at all." But in her mind she saw already the dear old house torn away, and herself and all the family home-

less in the world. So it is no wonder she was a little absent-minded that day, and missed two words in spelling, for which she cried vigorously all the noon hour. And there was also a little wail in her heart for the lost house.

But as she reached home after school, behold! there was the house as whole as ever, — that was one comfort. And there, too, was Roman, her brother, turning somersaults under the mango tree. Lillo, the big dog, was also there frisking about gayly. So Petra asked Roman, "Is the railroad going to tear our house all down, Roman?"

Roman stopped standing on his head and stood on his feet for a moment. Then he put both his fists under her chin and answered: "No, Petra. It is not, but I wish it were. It would be such fun to see the railroad run straight through the house. The railroad was laid out, and it ran right through our front door. But father told the head men that it would cut our house into two halves. So what do you think they have done?"

"Stopped building the railroad, I guess," answered Petra, all out of breath.

"No, they have just whisked it off to one side of the house and are going to run it straight through the papaya trees. We've saved the house, but we've lost the garden. All the hop-toads and snails that live there

are breaking up housekeeping and are moving to a safer place."

"Roman," said Petra, "do you care if the railroad goes through our garden?"

"Care? Do I care? No! I was never so glad since I was born."

"So am I glad. I think I shall like to have the railroad pass near our house," said little Petra.

After several months the railroad was completed through the town. The hill had been dug out, the ties had been placed, the rails had been fastened to the ties, and everything was ready for the trains to run.

Roman put on his Sunday jacket, and went with his father to the new station. "You go and sit on the rock out there and see me on the train when it goes by," said he to his little sisters.

"Yes," said little Pacita, "we will sit on the rock by the well and watch for you."

And so the two little girls sat on the rock and waited to see the first train pass through their village. They could see miles of railroad in each direction, but they scarcely dared turn their heads for fear the wonderful train would flash by, and they would not see it. But after a half hour's watching a black speck appeared at the end of the long line. It grew bigger and bigger. All the family came out to see it. Clouds of smoke rose

and rolled backwards from the engine. There was a rattle and a roar and a din. Pacita and Petra shrank back, but it had already passed them. And there, on the platform of the last car, stood Roman. He was holding on by the door, and bowing and smiling at them.

So the railroad was finished, and the grown-up people found that it was not so bad after all; for the cars passed through a "cut" so deep that the smoke-stack of the engine hardly reached the top, and you only knew that the train was there by the noise.

"And if the well does not cave in," said Petra's father, "we shall be as good as new."

The well never did cave in, though it stood on the very edge of the "cut." The garden was moved over to the other side of the house, and all the family thought that was a very good place for it. Some fine new papaya trees were put into it to take the places of the old ones.

Four or five times a day the farm silence was broken by the roar and rush of the train. And so many times each day all the little feet sped wildly across what remained of the old garden to the well, to gaze at the on-rushing train.

"The cars! the cars!" rang through the house at the approach of a train. At this cry Lillo, the dog, leaped

through the door, ran past the well, and down the bank, barking furiously, and running along beside the train till it came out of the "cut." Then he would return, wagging his tail, and looking up into the children's faces as proud and happy as if he had done some great thing.

What he meant was, "You make great talk about your swift cars, but *I* am not afraid of them. *I* can keep up with them, yes, and I can chase them away too." Indeed, he was so on the alert that Roman had only to say, "Cars, Lillo!" and away Lillo would rush to the opening by the well, and execute several fine barks and great leaps before discovering that he had been deceived.

Many other curious and wonderful things happened at the farmhouse on account of that railroad, but I have not the time now to tell you about them.

— GAIL HAMILTON — *adapted.*

NOTE: *hazy notion* = not a clear thought.

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

disguise	assaulted	apartments
nobility	scuffle	attendant
attendants	postern	distinguished

James, a good king of Scotland, had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, that he might hear complaints which otherwise would not reach his ears.

When James traveled in disguise, he used a name known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is the name of a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling.

Once upon a time, King James, being alone and in disguise, quarreled with some gypsies, and he was assaulted by four or five of them near the Bridge of Cramond. The bridge was high and narrow, and enabled the king to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle. When he saw one man defending himself against so

THE KING GOT ON THE BRIDGE TO DEFEND HIMSELF

many, he gallantly took the king's part. He used his flail to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to run. The countryman then took the stranger into the barn and brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands. Finally he walked with his unknown guest a little distance toward Edinburgh, in case he should again be attacked.

On the way, the king asked his companion who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on a farm that belonged to the king of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was anything in the world that he wanted. Honest John confessed that he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland if he was the owner of the farm on which he was then only a laborer. After this conversation John asked the king who he was. James replied: "I am the Goodman of Ballengiech. I am a poor fellow and hold a small position in the king's palace. But," he continued, "if you will come to see me on Sunday in the palace, I will endeavor to repay your manful assistance to me. I will at least give you the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments."

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, on Sunday morning, and appeared at a postern gate of the palace, inquiring for the Goodman of Ballengiech.

The king had given orders that John should be admitted; and he found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise he had formerly worn. He conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked the visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John answered that nothing would delight him so much if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, said that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his majesty from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "the others will have no hats on, the king alone will wear his hat."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that the king would wear his hat," said his conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "either you or I must be the king, for all except us are bareheaded."

The king laughed, and then gave the good man the farm which he wished so much to possess.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

POLICEMEN AND WHAT THEY ARE FOR

appointed	rogues	criminals
misbehave	arrests	rascals
beat	crimes	humane

A great city, like New York, London, or Paris, has thousands of policemen. Even small cities, like Hongkong and Manila, need many policemen; and most towns have at least a few constabulary. All these policemen and constabulary, with their captains and other officers, must be paid by the people. What are they for? What good do they do, that we should keep them in our service and pay them from the public money?

Some one may answer: "The police are appointed to catch thieves and others who break the laws, and to see that the boys do not misbehave on the streets."

But, if you should follow a policeman a whole day, you would see that many days he does not arrest a lawbreaker or chase a mischievous boy. He walks back and forth over his beat, and no one attempts to do any wrong.

You will say that he is not compelled to arrest any one because every one knows the policeman is there, and the bad men and the careless or mischievous boys are afraid of him. Now this is the exact truth about

the whole matter. The rogues know that the country is covered with policemen and constabulary, and that if they commit a crime in one city or town, and escape to another place, a telegraph message can be sent in a few moments to the police of that place, telling them to arrest these public enemies. Thus, all the policemen in the country help one another to protect the citizens from people who wish to injure them. The thieves know this and are afraid to commit many crimes which they certainly would commit if there were no police or constabulary to protect the people from criminals.

A NEW YORK POLICEMAN

And if some very great wrong has been done in our country by a dangerous person, and he escapes to another country over the ocean to avoid capture, the police in that country will help our police to catch the bad man. In fact, all the people in the world who wish to obey the laws, desire to help one another against those who do not wish to obey the laws.

We must not think, however, that the policemen are all the time looking for rogues. Most people are too

sensible and too honest to be rascals or thieves, and to get themselves into trouble by breaking the laws. The policeman is on the watch wherever he goes, and especially in the night, for fires. If he sees a little blaze or a smoke anywhere, he finds out what it is. Sometimes he is able to put a fire out before it does any harm; sometimes he must call out the fire engines and the firemen.

There are careless clerks who forget to lock their employers' stores at night. The policeman must try the doors of these places and see that all is right. Hence, you see, the policeman is a public watchman, a caretaker of the people's property and lives.

If every one did right, and there were no robbers in the land, we should not need so many policemen and constabulary. But we should still need public watchmen in every city, for there are many people who are not wicked, but who are very careless. They throw rubbish into the streets; they keep fierce dogs in their homes without thinking of the comfort or safety of their neighbors; they drive their horses too fast through the streets and roads, and endanger people's lives. The policeman must look after these careless people. He must tell them of the laws about such matters that are made by the city or town. Sometimes it is necessary to arrest these thoughtless ones, for a

very careless person may do as much harm as if he were a bad person.

But there is another part of the work of the police and constabulary that we must not forget. Perhaps it is the pleasantest part of their work. An important part of their duty is to help people who are in need or in distress. If a little child loses his way, if any one meets with an accident, if a horse runs away, the policeman must lend a hand. He will do his best to restore the lost child to his parents; he will call a doctor for the injured person or get him into a hospital or into some kind citizen's home near by. In all such cases he will do all he can to help people out of their trouble.

The good policeman is always ready also to answer the questions of strangers who do not know how to find the places which they are seeking. If you should not know a single person in a city, the first policeman whom you meet ought to befriend you and advise you where to go and what to do.

You will see a policeman stationed at the crossing of a crowded street to keep the teams and street cars in order, and to see that no woman or little child is run over by careless drivers. Or he will stand at the doors of a public hall or theater to prevent the people who are going in or out from hurting one another.

Now we know what our policemen must do; so we

can understand the kind of men they ought to be. First, they ought to be strong, healthy men, who can bear the rain and the wet, the heat and the cold. Second, they ought to be brave men, who are not afraid to stand alone in the night, and who would die rather than desert their post of duty.

A policeman must be thoroughly honest and truthful, as well as strong and brave. He must be a man whom we all can trust. If he finds a purse full of money, he must report it to his chief officer and he must try to discover the owner.

The policeman must also be a kind and friendly man. We have seen that one of his duties is to look after little children, the weak, the aged, any one who needs help. But his kindness must reach beyond these people. The policeman must be kind also toward those who break the laws. Though it is his duty to arrest those who do wrong, he should not be cruel to them. When wicked people break the laws, the policeman must do all he can to have them properly punished, but his treatment of them should be humane.

Thus the policeman is a friend to us all. He is a friend and helper of those who obey the laws; and he must be a friend and a helper also of those who do wrong to prevent them from further wrong doing.

— CHARLES F. DOLE — *adapted.*

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

strolled	companion	wonder
constant	lovely	beaming
grieved	height	avenues

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. The two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth went away, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, "The buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that run down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the others, near the church spire. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the rest, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with the star, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night. When they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

Now, the rays that came from the star were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining pathway from earth to heaven, that the child dreamed about the star. He dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star. Some of the angels came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly. Then they went away with them down avenues of light,

and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, the child wept for joy.

From that hour the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but also to the star.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTE: *fell upon the people's necks* = put their arms about their necks, embraced them.

PROVERBS

Many hands make light work.
The early bird catches the worm.
Make hay while the sun shines.
It takes two to make a quarrel.
Order is heaven's first law.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

The more haste, the less speed.
Waste not, want not.
God helps them who help themselves.
Lost time is never found again.
A stitch in time saves nine.

DICK WHITTINGTON

wanderer	companions	timidly
discouraged	disappointment	dejected
overtook	disheartened	brushing

I. Dick Goes to London

Many, many years ago little Dick Whittington lived in one of the country villages of England. When Dick was seven years old, his father and mother died, leaving him an orphan in the great, wide world. As the child was too young to earn his living, he depended upon the kindness of the villagers for food and shelter; but having no settled home, the little wanderer often slept in the field at night with no covering above him but the sky.

Now it happened one day that a stranger passing through the village told the simple country people an odd story. The man said that he had been to London and he had found the streets of that city paved with gold.

Little Dick heard the man's idle tale and made up his mind to go to London in search of the gold Accordingly the young adventurer set off for London on

foot. He walked all that day and all the next day. Indeed, he walked so many days that he began to think the road to London would never end. But he continued to trudge along day after day, though often weary and discouraged with the long journey, and more than once wishing himself back among his village companions. At length a man driving a cart overtook him and asked him where he was going.

"I am going to London," replied the little traveler.

"And what is so small a boy as you going to London for?" asked the man.

Dick did not wish to tell the stranger all his reasons for going to London. So he answered: "I am a poor boy. My parents are dead, and I am going to London to find work."

"Well," said the man, kindly, "I am going to London, too. If you like, you may go along with me."

Dick very gladly climbed into the cart and sat beside his new friend. At night he helped the man to care for his horses, in that way earning his supper.

The next day about noon the two reached the famous city of London, and, after thanking the owner of the cart for his kindness, Dick hurried off by himself to find the gold he expected to see lying along the sides of the street. To his great disappointment, he found nothing but stones and mud and dirt, and toward even-

ing, much distressed, he began to ask for work. But he was dirty and ragged, so no one would employ him.

His first night in the city Dick slept in the street. The following morning, hungry, lonely, and disheartened, he asked the people whom he met if they would give him something to eat. One man said to him, "Go and work, you lazy boy."

"I will gladly work for *you*, sir, if you will let me," said Dick. The man only laughed at him, and he continued his way down the street.

At last the poor, hungry little fellow stopped at the home of Mr. Fitzwarren, a wealthy merchant, and timidly tapped at the kitchen door. The cook opened the door, and when she saw him, she called out, "Begone, you little beggar, or I shall throw water on you."

At that moment, Mr. Fitzwarren appeared at the door, and Dick said to him: "Sir, I am a poor boy from the country. I do not know any one in the city and no one will give me work."

Mr. Fitzwarren was a kind-hearted gentleman. He felt sorry for the dejected, homeless boy, and ordered the cook to take him in and give him something to eat. "Then," he added, "you may keep him in the kitchen to help you."

So the honest, willing little country boy found a home in the midst of the great, busy city.

II. Dick and the Rats

But poor Dick's trouble was not ended. In fact, it seemed to him that his first real unhappiness began in his new home. The cook was much displeased at the merchant's order to keep "the little beggar," as she called Dick. She dared not disobey her master, but she was angry with poor Dick, and no sooner had he finished his breakfast of the scraps she gave him, than she commanded him to clean the pots and pans, and to put the kitchen in order.

"If you do not," said she, "you shall feel the weight of my rod on your back."

Poor Dick was very willing to obey, and he tried his best to please his ill-natured mistress. But the work of the kitchen was new to him, and when he made the least mistake, she beat him. The other servants, too, made sport of his poor clothes and his country ways. So Dick Whittington's life in Mr. Fitzwarren's home was neither easy nor happy. "But," he said to himself, "it is better to live here than to go into the streets again."

After Dick had been in the house for some time, Alice, the merchant's little daughter, saw him cleaning the steps of the kitchen. She pitied the poor scullion and gave him clothes that were not ragged. She also

compelled the other servants to treat him more kindly. Consequently his life in the kitchen became much happier.

But Whittington's troubles did not end with the day. He had his greatest trials at night. Mr. Fitzwarren said to him, "Dick, you may put your bed in the garret, and you may have the garret all to yourself."

Now, unfortunately for Dick, the garret swarmed with rats. There were rats on the floor and rats under the floor, rats in the walls and rats above the ceiling. These creatures made the great open space of the garret floor their battle ground and chased one another under Dick's bed and over it. Often during the lonely hours of the night he would waken and find one of them scurrying over his face. "If I only had a cat," he thought many times, when the noise of these nightly combats kept him awake.

At length a friend of Mr. Fitzwarren came to the house and stayed all night. In the morning he gave Dick a penny for brushing his shoes. Dick thanked the guest and quickly put the money into his pocket. That very day he saw a woman in the street carrying a cat under her arm. "Do you wish to sell your cat, madam?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the woman.

"I have only one penny," said the boy. "Will you sell the cat for a penny?"

"Yes, take her and treat her kindly," said the good woman.

Whittington hid the cat under his jacket and carried her at once to the garret. There he kept her day and night that the cook might not see her. Puss lost no time in making war upon her new master's enemies, and in a few weeks the rats she had not killed had found homes elsewhere. The boy was very grateful for this humble friend and companion of his loneliness, and said to himself, "Surely, God sent her to me."

III. The Cat crosses the Ocean

Dick had owned his cat two months, when Mr. Fitzwarren's ship was ready to sail on a trading voyage to the Mediterranean Sea. This good merchant allowed his servants to take part in the gains of these trading voyages, because he thought that God would prosper him more if he gave the poor a share in his good fortune. So each servant was allowed to send some article which the captain might sell for gain in foreign lands.

When all the servants assembled to meet the commander of the ship, Whittington was not among them. The poor scullion had nothing to send, so he stayed in

the kitchen. Noticing his absence, Mr. Fitzwarren sent for him and said, "Will you send something on the trading ship, my boy?"

"Indeed, I would like to, sir, but I have nothing in the world to send," replied honest Dick.

Little Alice heard his reply and offered him a jewel.

"That will not do," said her father; "it must be something that is really his own." Then, looking at Dick earnestly, the good man continued, "Think again; are you sure you have nothing that you can send?"

"All I have, sir, is a cat which I keep in the garret to drive away the rats from my bed at night."

"Bring the cat, boy," exclaimed the merchant, "and send her by all means. She may bring you good fortune!"

So Whittington took his cat in his arms and delivered her to the captain, saying, "Take good care of her, sir, for she is the best friend I have in the world." That night poor little Dick went to his lonely garret bed with a sad heart.

IV. Dick Whittington and the Bow Bells

The cook continued to treat Dick very unkindly. She also made such fun of him for sending his cat to sea that the unhappy boy decided to run away. He left his bed very early, passed quietly out of the house, and

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, SIR"

walked as far as Holloway. There he sat down on the stone steps of the church to consider what he should do next. While he was sitting on the stones, Bow Bells began to ring. He listened to the sweet music of their chimes. He thought they were talking to him and saying:—

"Turn again, Whittington, turn again."

"They are telling me to go back," said the lonely boy. "I will obey. I will go back and bear my troubles until a better time comes to me."

Accordingly Whittington returned again to his home and to his work. He had made the fire before the cook came to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, and she never suspected that he had been out of the house.

V. Puss at the King's Palace

A great storm overtook the good ship of Mr. Fitzwarren and stranded her on the coast of northern Africa.

The people of the country received the sailors kindly. The captain, anxious to trade with them, sent some of his goods to the King, who was so much pleased with them that he said to his chief officer, "Tell the stranger that nothing would give your King greater pleasure than to receive him at the palace."

According to the custom of the country, the King and

Queen were seated on a rich rug embroidered with gold and silver when their guest arrived. For his entertainment they had prepared a sumptuous dinner, which was spread before them on the rug. No sooner were the dishes put down, however, than an amazing number of rats ran on to the plates and in a moment's time devoured the food.

"Do the rats often take their dinner with your Majesty?" asked the captain.

"They do indeed, sir, very often," replied the monarch; "and I would give half my treasure to be freed from them. They not only destroy my food, but they destroy my sleep as well, so that I am compelled to keep guards about my bed while I sleep."

"But have you no cats?" inquired the captain.

"Cats?" said the King; "what are cats?"

"Cats are small animals that live in houses and catch the mice and rats. I have a cat on my ship that will soon rid you of these pests."

The King's heart was filled with joy at this good news. "Bring this creature to me," he exclaimed, "and if she can do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in payment for her."

The captain then continued, "She will not only kill all the rats in your bed chamber, but she will keep the entire palace free from both rats and mice."

"Run and bring the precious thing at once," cried the Queen. And the captain hurried off without further delay to bring Dick's cat to visit the King and Queen. During his absence a second dinner was prepared, and he appeared with Puss just as the rats were devouring that meal also. She immediately pounced upon the intruders and, to the great joy of the King and Queen, she slew several before they could escape.

When Puss had proved the truth of the captain's words, he called, "Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!" She ran obediently to him, and he laid her in the Queen's arms, where she soon sang herself to sleep.

His Majesty saw how true it was that Puss could protect him from those marauders that nightly plundered his kitchen and disturbed his household.

"She and her kittens will not only keep the palace free from the pests," the captain explained, "but they will also rid your Majesty's entire capital from them."

The King hesitated no longer. He purchased the cat, and in payment for her he gave ten times as much as for all the goods on the ship.

VI. Dick Whittington and His Fortune

Weeks later Mr. Fitzwarren seated himself at his desk very early one morning, prepared for a long day's work. Somebody tapped softly at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the merchant.

"I come to bring news of your ship," answered a voice outside.

You may be sure the merchant opened the door without delay, and there the captain himself stood with a box of jewels and gold under his cloak. He entered, closed the door carefully, and put the treasure into Mr. Fitzwarren's hands. The grateful merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked God for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

The captain then told his employer the story of Dick's cat, and showed him the portion of the treasure that belonged to Whittington. Upon hearing of Dick's good fortune, Mr. Fitzwarren was filled with rejoicing and called for the boy to come at once.

Whittington, who was cleaning the kitchen, felt ashamed to go to the merchant's room; but Mr. Fitzwarren insisted that he should come and hear the good news. The merchant took the hand of his servant and said: "My boy, I am glad to tell you that your cat has earned more money for you than I am worth. You are an honest, faithful boy, Dick, and I know you will use your fortune for your own good and for the good of others."

The boy fell upon his knees and thanked God for His loving care. He then gave the captain a large

sum as a reward for his work. He also rewarded the ship's crew for the care they had taken of his cat, and finally he gave gifts to all the servants in his master's house, including the unjust, unkind cook.

VII. Dick Whittington, a Merchant of London

The next morning Mr. Fitzwarren took his former scullion to the family tailor, who made him suitable clothes. He also invited the boy to share his home until such time as he was old enough to live in a home of his own. Living as a friend of the family, Dick soon forgot his timid, awkward ways and grew up to be an intelligent, active, and industrious young man. When he was old enough, Mr. Fitzwarren asked him what employment he would like to follow, and the young man answered that he wished to be a merchant. This pleased Mr. Fitzwarren, so he took young Whittington as a partner into his own business. The young merchant showed the same honesty, intelligence, and activity in business that he had shown as a servant in Mr. Fitzwarren's kitchen, and the two men in time became very rich. Alice, who had befriended Dick when he was a poor little kitchen boy, fell in love with him after he had grown to be a fine young business man. Her father proposed that the young couple should have a grand wedding, and the Lord Mayor of

London and many other great people of the city were invited to be guests at the feast.

Mr. Whittington's life as a great merchant of London was a very active one. He was also a very useful citizen in other ways and served his country faithfully for many years.

Because of his many acts of usefulness the King said to him one day, "Never Prince had such a subject," and Whittington replied, "Never subject had such a Prince." The King was so much pleased with this answer that he at once made the merchant a knight, and from that day Dick Whittington was known as Sir Richard Whittington.

Sir Richard spent the later years of his life honored and loved by both the rich and the poor for his many acts of kindness and liberality. He built a church and a college; also a hospital for the poor, and a prison which has since become very famous. Over the door of this prison you can see carved in stone, should you ever go to London, the figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms.

—*Old English Tale.*

HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN

freckled	engineer	mere
wreath	scolding	grateful
tracks	passengers	hero

Andy Moore was a short, freckled, little country boy, who was as tough as a little pine tree. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not at all particular about wearing a cap, for he thought his shaggy red hair protected his head well enough.

His home was in a very wild, rocky country place among the hills of Ireland, and he knew much more about beavers, snakes, and birds than he knew about fine clothes.

Andy liked to sit on the top branch of a great tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. His parents were very poor people who lived in a rude hut on the side of one of the hills he loved so much to climb.

Near his father's house there was a railroad. Andy often watched the engine as it came puffing along the track, sending out great clouds of black smoke, and screeching through the valleys like a mad thing. Although it went by the house every day, yet he never

wished to ride in it. He was content to sit on the sand bank and watch it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke round the tree tops.

One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong with the rails. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was only a little boy; but he knew something was wrong, and Andy had heard that cars were sometimes thrown off the track by such things.

Just then he heard a low, distant noise. "Dear, dear! the cars are coming now," he said to himself. "Perhaps I can stop them. There is nobody else here to do it, so I will try."

Andy never thought that he might be killed. But he went and stood straight in the middle of the track, just in front of the bad place that I have told you about. He stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars; louder and louder was the noise. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved.

Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of the whistle. Then the engineer had to stop the train, as the engine was very near the boy. The engineer was angry with him "for not getting out of the way." But Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fel-

low had saved his life and the lives of all his passengers. Then his scolding changed to blessing.

Everybody rushed out to see what a horrible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad

HE STRETCHED OUT HIS LITTLE ARMS AS FAR APART AS HE COULD

track, they would have been hurled down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him. The men, as they looked at their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy!"

That was not all they did. They took out their purses and made up a large sum of money for him. Of course they could never repay the service he had done

them. They knew that, but they gave the money to show him in some way besides in mere words that they felt grateful.

Good, brave, little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name — Andy Moore — and the name of the place he lived in. If you wish to know what else they did for him, I will tell you.

These people whose lives he saved sent Andy to school, and then to college. They paid his expenses, and in later years they helped to make a place in the world for this little hero of the broken rail.

— FANNY FERN.

NOTE: *rude hut* = small, poor, roughly built house.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW

A little brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its gloomy bed,
While violets blue and lilies white
Were whispering overhead,
They whispered of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
Of beauty and rapture everywhere,
And the seed heard all they said.

— IDA W. BENHAM.

THE PEA BLOSSOM

transparent	mused
accommodated	thriving
captive	tendrils

There were once five peas in one shell; they were green, and the shell was green, and so they believed that the whole world must be green also, which was a very natural conclusion.

The shell grew and the peas grew; they accommodated themselves to their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight and dark at night, as it generally is; and the peas, as they sat there, grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful as they mused, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one; "shall we not become hard by sitting so long? There must be something outside; I feel sure of it."

And so weeks passed by; the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they, — and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be let out," said one, — just what they all wanted.

"I should like to know which of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five; "we shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack!" went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly; he said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world," said the pea; "catch me if you can;" and he was gone in a moment.

"I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly;" and away he went.

"Wherever we find ourselves we will go to sleep," said the two next; "we shall still be rolling onwards;"

and they did certainly fall on the floor, and roll about before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We will go farther than the others," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter; and as he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crevice, which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself about him, and there he lay a captive indeed, but not unnoticed by God.

"What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

Within the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, and do such hard work; for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed.

Quietly and patiently she lay all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work. Spring came, and early one morning the sun shone brightly through the little window, and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeped in at the window? It is moving in the wind." The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said. "There is actually a little pea that has taken root and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening; "the sun has shone in here so bright and warm to-day and the little pea is thriving so well; I shall get on better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother. She propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine round it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed, it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Now really here is a flower coming," said the mother one morning. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during

the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained but a single pea plant.

A week later the invalid sat up for the first time a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival to her.

"Our heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter on the roof of a house, and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two lazy ones were carried quite as far, for they also were eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use; but the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, till he had swelled to a great size.

"I am getting beautifully fat," said the pea; "I expect I shall burst at last; no pea could do more than that, I think; I am the most remarkable of all the five which were in the shell."

But the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health upon her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, thanking God for what he had done.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE LITTLE LEAF

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf.

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing

and went on rustling and singing. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THANKSGIVING SONG

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see, —
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees, —
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother love and father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and school each day;
For guidance, lest we go astray, —
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now thy will to know, —
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

— SELECTED.

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK

It stands in the corner of grandmother's room;
It reaches from ceiling to floor;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long —
"Tick-tock," and nothing more.

Backward and forward, this way and that,
You can see the bright pendulum rock;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long —
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!"

The clock never sleeps, and its hands never rest,
As they slowly go moving around;
And it strikes the hours with a ding, ding, ding,
Ding, ding, and a whirring sound.

I wonder if this is the same old clock
That the mouse crept into one night,
And played hide and seek till the clock struck one,
And then ran away in a fright.

Backward and forward, this way and that,
You can see the bright pendulum rock;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long —
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!"

THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL

jackal confused

A camel and his friend, a little jackal, once lived near a river. The jackal got his food by running along the bank and picking up the crabs and bones that he could find, while the camel walked leisurely about and nibbled the grass and tender herbs that grew farther away from the water.

One day the little jackal said to the camel: "There is sugar cane on the other side of the river. You know I cannot swim, so if you will take me across, I will show you where it is. You can get your dinner in the cane field, and I can get mine on the bank of the river among the crabs and snails that live there."

"Indeed," replied the camel, "I am very fond of sugar cane. I will gladly carry you across in return for the pleasure of a meal of sweet cane stalks."

So the jackal jumped nimbly to the back of the camel, who swam with him to the other side. Once there, the camel began to break down the young cane plants, and the jackal ran among the crabs and little fish in the shallow water, devouring them as quickly as he could.

He was so small and active that he had finished his meal before the camel had eaten more than two or

three mouthfuls. Then he was ready to return to the other side. So he said to the camel: "I am ready to go home now. Come, let us start."

The camel, however, refused to leave the cane field until he, too, had finished his meal.

"I shall not stay here any longer, and I think I can soon start him back," thought the selfish little jackal, and he began to run round and round the field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The people of the village heard him and said to one another: "There is a jackal in the sugar cane. He will scratch holes in the ground and spoil the roots of the plants." And they all ran to the field to drive him away. When they reached the place, they were sur-

prised to find a camel standing among the canes eating the tender young stalks. This made them very angry, and they drove the poor camel from the field, beating him until his flesh was black and blue. But the jackal escaped without a single blow.

After the people had gone to their homes, the jackal again said to the camel, "Shall we go now?"

"Yes," replied the camel. "Jump on my back as you did when we came, and we will start at once, for of course I cannot go into the field again."

The jackal laughed to himself as he thought how everything had turned out just as he had wished. He sprang upon the camel's back, and they began to cross the river. After wading some distance, the camel said: "Friend, why did you treat me so unkindly? When you had finished your dinner, you ran yelping and howling around the field until all the people heard you and came to see what was the matter. They beat me and drove me from the field before I had eaten three mouthfuls. Why did you make such a noise and cause me to lose my dinner?"

"I don't know," replied the jackal. "It is a custom of mine always to sing a little after eating."

The camel said no more, but continued wading until he reached the deep water and began to swim. Then he stopped suddenly and said, "I feel like rolling."

THE CAMEL STOPPED SWIMMING

"Oh, I beg you, don't roll here in this deep water. You must remember I cannot swim. Why do you wish to do such a foolish thing, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the camel. "It is a custom of mine always to roll a little after eating." He then rolled over and threw the jackal into the water.

So the jackal was drowned, but the camel swam safely to the shore.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of a horse, the kingdom was lost;
All for the want of a horseshoe nail.

THE FOX TERRIER BILLY

(The story of the fox terrier Billy is told by "Beautiful Joe," a dog who, when a puppy, was rescued from a cruel master who had treated him brutally. He was taken into a clergyman's family, where he was treated with all kindness and became a happy, well-trained dog.)

Shortly after coming to my new home, I had a chance to see how one should care for a little puppy.

One day, when I was sitting beside Miss Laura in the parlor, her brother Jack came in with something hidden between his hands.

"Guess what I have here, Laura," said he.

"Is it a bird?" she asked.

"No," answered Jack.

"Is it a rat?"

"No."

"Is it a mouse?"

"No, it is a pup," answered Jack.

He opened his hands, and there lay the smallest fox terrier pup that I ever saw. He was white, with black and tan markings on his face, ears, and tail.

"His eyes are still closed, Jack," said Miss Laura. "Why did you take him from his mother?"

"She is dead," answered Jack. "Mr. Robinson,

who owned her, is going into the country; and he gave the pup to me because he thinks we know how to take care of little animals."

Miss Laura took the tiny creature upstairs, and I followed to see what she would do. She lined a basket with cotton, laid the puppy in it, and looked at him. Though it was midsummer, and the house seemed very warm to me, the puppy was shivering, and making a low, whimpering noise. She covered him over with cotton, and set the basket in the window in the sun.

Then she went to the kitchen for some milk and a small piece of bread. She tied a piece of cotton cloth around the bread, dipped it in the warm milk, and placed it in the puppy's mouth. He sucked it greedily, as if he were starving; but Miss Laura gave him only a small portion.

Every few hours, during the day, she fed him in the same way; and I heard the boys say that for many nights she fed him once or twice, heating milk over her lamp.

He fully repaid her for all this care, for he grew to be the prettiest and most lovable dog in the world. They called him Billy; and the two great events of his early life were the opening of his eyes, and the swallowing of the cloth that held his milk-soaked

"NAUGHTY BILLY!"

bread. The cloth did not hurt him; but Miss Laura said that as he had grown strong and greedy he now must learn to eat like other dogs.

He was a very amusing puppy, and full of tricks; but Billy never did any real mischief, thanks to Miss Laura's training. One day the wind blew Mr. Norris's hat down upon the hall floor, and while it lay there, the puppy came along and began to try it with his teeth. The little fellow's teeth were growing, and he liked to chew and bite things. He did not know it was wrong to chew hats.

Miss Laura found him, and took the hat away, and pointing from it to him said "Naughty Billy!" Then she tapped him two or three times with a shoestring. Billy was very much ashamed of himself, and he never chewed another hat. But he did not know it was wrong to chew rugs and curtains and shoes. For each one of these misdoings he had to have a separate lesson, until he gradually came to understand that he must chew nothing but bones.

There was one thing that Miss Laura was very particular about, and that was to have him fed regularly. We both had three meals a day. While the family was at the table we lay in the hall outside, and watched them eat. When the meal was over, Billy and I scampered after Miss Laura to the kitchen, where we

each would have a separate plate of food. Billy often wished for more; for puppies are not wise enough to know that overeating makes one sick.

Billy was washed regularly once a week with nice-smelling soap. He had his own towels and wash-cloths; and after being rubbed and scrubbed, he was rolled in a blanket and put by the fire to dry. Miss Laura said that a little dog that has been petted and kept in the house should never be allowed to run about with a wet coat, except in very warm weather. Jim and I were more hardy than Billy, and we took our baths in the sea. Every few days the boys took us down to the shore, where we went in swimming with them, and had a fine run afterward upon the beach.

When Billy was four months old, Jack taught him to follow and retrieve, and I helped Billy just as Jim helped me, when I was a puppy. Jack marched around the yard with a stick over his shoulder, while we followed. Presently Billy saw a bone and dashed away to get it. "To heel!" cried Jack, firmly; but Billy did not understand; so, putting his head on his paws, he began to bark. Jack laughed; but he pointed to me, and said again, "To heel!" Finally, Billy seemed to understand that he was to follow. So he came beside me, and we followed Jack around and around the yard. This lesson was repeated

until whenever Jack said "To heel," he would take his place and follow.

Then he was taught to retrieve. Jack took a small leather strap from his pocket. It had a nice, strong smell. We licked it, and we both wished to have it.

"Wait a minute, Billy," said Jack, holding him by the collar. "Watch Joe. Here, Joe," he said to me, and, throwing the strap halfway across the yard, "Fetch it!" I did not move until I heard him say, "Fetch it"; then, running swiftly, I brought the strap and dropped it into Jack's hands. Jack sent me two or three times; then, saying, "Lie down, Joe," he turned to Billy.

"Here is your turn, Billy," said he. Throwing the strap again, he took his hand from Billy's collar and said, "Fetch it!" Billy ran joyfully away, found the strap, and took it in his mouth. But it was so pleasant to chew that he forgot to return. Jack called him back, and sent me after the strap. Then he tried Billy again. When at last he dropped the strap into Jack's hands, he was petted and praised, and given a bone to chew.

In a few days he had learned his second lesson, and was now ready to go about the streets with Miss Laura.

— MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

OUR FRIEND, THE FLEDGLING

woodfolk	pebbles	fledgling
flitting	whir	shy

I have a friend who is a lover of the open meadow and shady glen, of the noisy brook and quiet lake. Together we have made many journeys to quiet places about our home, and have learned many secrets of the quiet, shy creatures that live there. Together we have traced brooks to their sources, have found the wood bird at his noonday meal, and have seen the dragon fly come out of his chrysalis coat. We have learned what places the different ferns love best. We have stood within a few feet of singing birds, and have had the little red squirrels for neighbors. But one day we had a most delightful experience of the friendliness of animals. This experience happened a few years ago near the source of one of our great rivers.

"Go up to Leech Lake," said the physician, "and breathe the fragrance of the evergreens. When I was there ten years ago the country was covered with white pines, firs, and spruces."

"This," we said, "is the place we have been seeking. We will go at once."

But when we reached our journey's end, alas, the lumbermen had been there before us. The fragrant forests were gone; and just a few pines here and there were left to give us a hint of what the forest must once have been. There were now cultivated fields and open spaces here and there with a few hardwood trees and a young growth of evergreens.

Across an arm of the lake from the village was one group of pines that seemed especially beautiful. Rowing across, one quiet afternoon, and looking about, we decided to rest there whenever the weather permitted. The ground beneath the trees was soft with the mats of brown needles, the air was full of balsam, the little waves rolled the pebbles on the beach near by, and birds sang overhead.

The following day, loading our boat with pillows, books, and a box of lunch, we made our way across the lake again to spend the day beneath the pines. After an hour's tramp to discover what the neighborhood held for us in the way of pleasant surprises, we opened our box and lunched, happier than those unfortunate people who know nothing of nature's delights. Satisfying our own hunger, we scattered the fragments for our bird neighbors, and lay upon the soft pine needles to sleep during the midday heat. Birds sang, squirrels chattered, leaves whispered in the gentle breeze, and

lap, lap, sounded the waves upon the shore. This, surely, we thought, must be the land of dreams and fairies. Any delightful thing might come to us here.

All at once two little feet lightly pitpatted upon my foot. Then there was a hurried whir of wings, and the visitor departed. We both saw the bird come and go, but neither of us moved. It flew to a tree near by, and turned its head from side to side, watching us. To our surprise, it flew down again and settled in the same place. Finding all quiet, it began a journey along the length of my body, pecking at the flies as it traveled. Reaching my shoulder, it eyed me for a moment, hopped down, and made the return journey upon my friend's body, from head to foot, still pecking at the flies. Then it examined the stretch of pine needles between us, and finally settled down there for a nap, like the weary baby that it was. At the sound of our whispering it flew away, but soon returned, and spent a couple of hours with us, catching flies and taking short naps between whiles.

When the shadows began to lengthen, we collected our things, shouldered our oars, and started for the beach where our boat was tied.

"Good-by, little bird," said my friend. "We hope to see you again to-morrow." But the fledgling had no thought of saying good-by. Walking in the path

behind us, or flitting from bush to bush, it followed us all the way to the water's edge, and took a bath while I unfastened the boat and pushed it out into the lake.

When we pushed off from the shore, it flew into the boat, rested in my friend's lap for a while, and then made its way to where I sat rowing. The moving oars puzzled it for a moment, but it finally perched upon the top of my hat, and sat there, in spite of the motions I was obliged to make in rowing, until we were nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore. Then, looking at the distant pines, it must have felt a touch of homesickness, for without good-by to either of us, it raised its little wings and flew back to the great trees, and, we hoped, to its friends.

A strong wind the following day prevented our making a visit to the shore; and when, finally, we were able to return, our little friend could not be found.

"I hope it found its own people," said my friend. "Such a trusting little creature deserves the best things that can come to a bird; but even if it found its own again, I am a bit disappointed to think it was not here to greet us to-day."

"Yes," said I; "but I am glad we are enough like the woodfolk to be trusted even for one short afternoon by one of their number."

This bird refused our crumbs, and ate only flies. Each feather of its modest brown coat was clearly marked around the edges with a small, dingy white band. Can you guess its name?

— SARAH C. BROOKS.

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

— BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

ANSELM AND THE LIZARD

foamy	oven	degrees
crests	pledges	crawls
hermit	lizard	ducats

PART I

In a far-off country, long ago, there was a holy man named Anselm. He lived all alone in a rocky grotto on a cliff near the sea, and therefore was called Anselm the Hermit. Although he lived away from the dwellings of men, his thoughts were constantly on the poor and the distressed. When he was not reading his holy books, he was healing the sick or comforting the poor.

Every one loved the good hermit. The rich loved him for his holy life. The poor loved him for his great kindness. But most of all, the children loved him. Many an afternoon when school was dismissed, they would go trooping up the rocks to Anselm's cave, taking him presents of fruit.

He would welcome them heartily, thank them for their gifts, and tell them stories of the stars, which he called angel's eyes that watched over little children at night. He would tell them tales of the restless ocean and of the waves whose foamy crests raced madly

to attack the rocks on the shore. The little ones listened and were happy, for they understood Anselm. Because of the many children and poor people who visited him, a path was worn up the cliff to the very door of the grotto.

One day Antonio the Baker walked sadly along this path. He had once been prosperous and had made many loaves of bread which the people eagerly bought; for his bread was good, and he gave honest weight. But of late his business had decreased, until he hardly sold any bread at all. At last he had been forced to use all that remained of his flour to keep himself and his wife and children from starving. When there was no longer any food, Antonio in great distress said to his wife: "Rosa, I will go to the good Anselm. It may be that he will show me a way to prosper again."

"Go, my Antonio," said the wife. "God is good."

As the poor baker came to the grotto where Anselm lived, he knocked at the rude door.

"Enter in peace!" he heard a voice say.

Antonio entered, saying, "The Lord be praised!"

"Forever and ever," replied Anselm.

"I am in trouble, good Father," said Antonio.

"My Son," asked Anselm, "do you believe in the kindness of God?"

"Yes, Holy Man," said Antonio, "I do."

"I AM IN TROUBLE, GOOD FATHER," SAID ANTONIO

"Then why are you troubled?" asked Anselm.

"Because my children are starving," said Antonio.

Anselm smiled pityingly, and said, "Come! Tell me your troubles, Friend."

"My troubles are great, Holy Father," replied Antonio. "I am a baker who has lost his trade because the wars have left no men at home to buy bread. I am starving, but worst of all, my children are crying for bread, and I, a baker, have none to give."

The hermit, who had listened in silent pity, said, "Great is the kindness of God."

"But, Holy Father, I have prayed to Him."

"He has listened to your prayers."

"But my children are starving," said Antonio, "and my baby is not three weeks old."

"God will provide," said Anselm. "Your children will not die of starvation. But why do you not work at your trade?"

"Good Anselm," said the baker, "bread is not made of sea sand, nor do cold stones heat the oven. I do not know where flour and wood can be bought without money. This morning Peter the Miller came across the bay with a boatload of flour. This cargo he will sell very cheap, for he has great need of money."

"What can you give in return for this flour?" asked Anselm.

"I have nothing left to give. I have sold all to feed my children," replied Antonio.

"Ah," said the hermit, "it may be that the most valuable thing of all is left!"

"What is that?" asked the baker.

"Faith!" said the hermit.

"I have faith enough," said Antonio. "I know I should prosper, could I buy Peter's flour. But the money lender will not give me a pinch of salt on faith."

"Ah, then," said Anselm, "the money lender demands less precious things as pledges."

"Yes, if jewels and plate and gold chains are less precious," said Antonio. "He takes only such things as may be sold readily, if the borrower does not redeem them."

"Still I say," rejoined Anselm, "above all these things is faith. You cannot buy nor sell it, but you can possess it. And when you possess it, you may do all things that are right."

"Can I feed my children without money?" asked the baker.

"Yes, if you believe in God's kindness," replied Anselm. "As your children are to you, so are all creatures to Him. He made them all; men of all degrees, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and

the fish of the sea. To Him a king is not more nor less than — this lizard here!"

A little green lizard had come out of a crevice in the cave. It had crawled along the rocky shelf where Anselm's books were, and stopped within arm's reach of the good man, holding its little head erect as though it were listening. As Anselm finished speaking, it nodded twice and waited, motionless as the rock itself.

"How much do you need to purchase the flour?" asked the hermit.

"Eighty ducats," replied Antonio.

Anselm kept gazing at the little lizard resting on the rocky shelf. At last he spoke. "The Lord who made the baker and the money lender made you also, Little Lizard. Wherefore, help this man, Little Brother, in His name."

From the book before him Anselm drew a sheet of paper. Stretching forth his hand, he took the little lizard very gently and wrapped it in the paper. Then he said to the baker: "Antonio, seek the money lender. Ask him for eighty ducats. For a pledge give to him this creature. And when you repay him, fail not to bring this, our little brother, back to me; for his life is priceless, being the gift of God. Go, now, Antonio, and have faith."

"I will," said Antonio, but his heart was heavy.

seagirt	interrupted	emeralds
security	promised	diamonds
corrected	reverently	rubies

PART II

Bearing the lizard, Antonio returned slowly to the seagirt town below, where he entered the house of Lazarus, the money lender.

"Lazarus," he said, "I must have eighty ducats."

"Ducats," said the money lender. "Ah, yes! People always want ducats. That is what makes them scarce, Antonio. But I will lend eighty ducats to you. What is the security?"

"My word and —" Antonio paused, half ashamed. He could offer only the little lizard; but he must have faith now.

"Your word and — ?" echoed Lazarus.

"And *this*," finished Antonio, giving to the money lender the paper in which Anselm had wrapped the little lizard. "I will pay back the money within the half year."

"Ah, yes!" said Lazarus. "Ah, yes!"

He walked to the window and undid the package. "Oh!" he shouted, and looked at the baker in fright. Then his gaze went back to the little lizard. He stared and stared, and his eyes became like opals glowing

"AND THIS," SAID ANTONIO

with many fires. He could not look enough. At length, with a great sigh, he wrapped the lizard up again. Shaking his head, he locked the package in an inner drawer of the strong box and humbly asked: —

"How much did you say you desired?"

"Eighty ducats!" replied Antonio.

"Ay! Yes! Quite so! Eight hundred ducats," said the money lender, somewhat dreamily.

"No, eighty!" corrected Antonio. To himself he said, "Lazarus is stark mad."

Then Lazarus asked, "Will you sell it?"

"No," answered the baker, "I pledge it, and my word, against your eighty ducats."

"Sell it and I will give you a thousand — two thousand, good Antonio! — three thousand."

"The man who lent it to me said it was priceless," replied the baker.

"I will give you five — yes, six thousand ducats in gold, in your own hand. Antonio will be the richest man in the town."

But the baker only shook his head. "It is not mine to sell," he said. "Give me eighty ducats and a receipt for the little lizard."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Lazarus. "Here are the eighty ducats and the receipt for the little lizard. Do you want more?"

"No, I have enough," said Antonio, and putting the receipt for his pledge into his pocket, he hastened with the money to Peter the Miller, bought the flour, and ran to his house.

When his children were fed and his wife was once more made happy, he began to work at his trade, full of hope and gratitude. He thanked Him who had made bakers and hermits, lizards and money lenders. "Beyond doubt," thought he, "Lazarus was smitten with madness." But Antonio was honest. He had promised, therefore he determined that he would redeem the little lizard.

And the baker prospered; his ovens baked the best bread; the loaves were of honest weight; his custom grew rapidly. The poor never went away hungry from his bakery. In six months Antonio had saved eighty ducats and the interest.

"Now, I will pay Lazarus," he said, and he took the money to the money lender.

"Here is your money, Lazarus," said Antonio.

"There is no hurry," said Lazarus, walking away as if Antonio had brought ill tidings. "You may yet need it. Keep it a year, my friend."

"No," said the baker. "I must return the pledge to him who lent it to me."

Lazarus looked at Antonio and said in a low voice:

"Six thousand ducats I offered before. Seven thousand I will give you to-day."

"It is not mine to sell," said the baker.

"Seven thousand will I give," said the money lender.

Antonio only shook his head.

"I will give you eight, Antonio — nine — ten thousand ducats in good gold. Ten — thousand!"

But Antonio only repeated, "It is not mine to sell, I tell you."

"He is stark mad," thought Antonio. "For what is this lizard to the man? It must be dead, though they say that a lizard can live a year with no more food than one fly and a little air." Then he said sharply: "Lazarus, make haste. Give it to me. I must return it whence it came."

"And where may that be?" asked Lazarus, eagerly.

"It concerns you not," replied Antonio, and taking the package from the money lender's unwilling hand, he once more walked up the hill to Anselm's grotto. Again he knocked at the entrance to the hermit's cave.

"In God's name, enter!" said a voice.

Antonio entered, full of gratitude, and found the holy man seated at his stone, reading. "Praised be the name of the Lord," said Antonio.

"Throughout the ages," gravely responded Anselm. "What is your errand, Antonio?"

"I have here the lizard which you gave me six months ago," replied Antonio. "My children are well, my wife is happy, and I am grateful to you, Anselm."

"Not to me, but to Him," said the hermit, pointing skyward.

"To Him," said the baker, reverently, "and also to you and to the lizard."

Then Antonio told the story of how he went to Lazarus; how the money lender was smitten with a madness, and wanted to lend him much more money than he needed; and how he refused to take more than the eighty ducats. Here Antonio paused.

"You were wise," was all the hermit said.

Antonio continued: "He offered me ten thousand ducats for the little lizard. But it was yours."

"It is not mine," said the hermit, solemnly. "It is God's. But what did you say to the money lender's offer?"

"I refused to sell the lizard," said Antonio, holding forth the package. "Here it is."

"Again you were wise," said Anselm.

The old man opened the package. Antonio rubbed his eyes, for he could not believe what he saw. Instead of the lizard that he thought was in the package, he saw a lizard made of emeralds, with legs of rubies and eyes of diamonds.

He stared wide-mouthed from amazement. Now he understood the madness of the money lender.

Anselm quietly took the jewel in his hand. Then he spoke very gently: "Thanks, Little Brother. In God's name, go your way in peace!" He placed it on the rocky shelf whence he had taken it six months before. Immediately the little lizard shook its head, wriggled its tail, and disappeared in a crevice among the rocks.

Antonio fell on his knees and prayed. But the hermit only said: "Go in peace, Antonio! By faith you were saved."

— EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

BURIED CITIES

cinders	burying	ancient
election	bronze	aisles
chariots	basin	column

In almost every picture of Naples one sees that wonderful volcanic mountain, Vesuvius, rising straight out of the sea. People dare to build their homes on the very sides of this great volcano, which, for all they know, is likely to destroy them at any moment with its rivers of lava and its clouds of ashes.

Volcanic soil is very good for grape growing, and few parts of the world are more thickly settled than the

country around Vesuvius. No very great eruptions have occurred in recent years, but about eighteen centuries ago two prosperous little cities at the foot of the mountain were entirely destroyed. These cities were called Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Pompeii, especially, was a prosperous and beautiful city, where many people from Rome spent several months each year. Its baths were famous, and people from the country around went to Pompeii to rest and enjoy themselves. At the end of every street was a beautiful fountain, and on the marble benches, placed near the fountains, one might sit and have a charming view of the sparkling blue sea beyond.

One fine day in August, about eighteen hundred years ago, when the people were going about their work as usual, a column of smoke burst without warning from the overhanging mountain. The smoke rose and spread until it hid the sun and cast a shadow over the earth for many miles. At midday the city was in entire darkness, lighted only by bursts of flame from the terrible volcano.

Soon a thick, scorching shower of ashes and cinders fell. Then came a rain of hot stones, setting the city afire. The earth rocked with repeated shocks; the houses trembled and began to fall; the sea rolled back from the shore; and there were deafening peals of thunder.

The people fled, but in the darkness no one could tell in which direction to go. The shower of hot rocks and ashes became heavier, and the air was filled with choking smoke. Many were struck down and quickly covered by the storm of ashes. Finally a flood of hot, black mud rushed down the mountain side, burying everything in its path and completing the destruction of the city.

Those who escaped and returned a few days later found no sign of Pompeii. Only a smoking plain covered with ashes and mud was to be seen.

Nearly seventeen hundred years after, when the world had almost forgotten the fate of Pompeii, an Italian, digging a well in his garden, found himself suddenly in an old dwelling. The government was told of his discovery, and soon the task of uncovering the buried city was begun. But Italy is able to set aside so small a sum each year for the work that at the present rate another half century will be required to uncover the whole of Pompeii.

Visitors may go and look at Pompeii, but they are not allowed to take away anything that is there. With each party several soldiers go, whose duty it is to protect what remains of the city.

Passing through an ancient gate the visitor finds himself in one of the Pompeian streets. These streets

are so narrow that two chariots could barely have passed between the sidewalks. Large blocks of lava form the well-preserved pavements on which the old Pompeians walked during the time our Savior was on

A STREET IN POMPEII

earth. These, raised to a level with the curb, are high stepping stones used in wet weather.

The sidewalks are also raised, and they are so very narrow that a person about to open a house door from within was obliged to give a shout of warning to the passers-by, lest the sudden swinging outward of the door should knock some one down.

The lower stories of the dwellings are of brick, concrete, or stone, but the upper parts are chiefly made of

wood. All the roofs, except one, were either crushed in by the storm of rocks or burned by the hot ashes. Almost every house in the city was built around a large court, in the center of which was a beautiful marble basin containing a fountain. The gardens, made beautiful with flower beds, were surrounded by graceful columns and walls richly decorated with splendid paintings. Among the shrubs were marble images and vases of flowers.

The guide points out one ruin that was a physician's home; another was evidently a merchant's store, for there were found scales for weighing merchandise; a third ruin must have been a jeweler's shop, because it contained rings, gold pins, and bracelets. Close beside a wine shop stands a bakery, in the ovens of which burned loaves of bread were found.

That Pompeii had a good water supply is clearly shown by its many fountains and the drinking troughs for horses found in the streets. The bathrooms in the houses were heated by hot-air pipes, and the water pipes of lead were similar to those which we use to-day.

One theater, which has been uncovered, could hold five thousand persons, and in its aisles were found several numbered seat checks, showing that the ancient system of seating did not differ much from our

own. The stage, the dressing room for the actors, the opening for the curtain, and the place where the musician sat can still be seen.

At the time of the eruption in 79 A.D. an election for public officers was about to be held in Pompeii. Signs with glaring red letters, urging the citizens to vote for this or that particular man, were found posted on the walls of houses. Signs of butchers, grocers, and other tradespeople can still be easily read, and on the wall of one house there is the Greek alphabet rudely scratched by a childish hand.

A STREET IN HERCULANEUM

The other buried city, Herculaneum, was covered by a flood of red-hot lava, instead of being covered by layers of stone and black mud. On cooling, the molten lava became solid rock through which it is very difficult to cut. The uncovering of Herculaneum is, therefore slow and expensive work, and only a small part of the city has been brought to light.

— LILIAN M. WALDO.

ARION AND THE DOLPHIN

plaintive	Apollo	wailing
spellbound	entreaties	dolphin
minstrel	astride	summoned

There was a young man called Periander of Corinth, who set sail, one day in the olden times, from a port in the south of Greece. He was bound for Miletus, but the boat was caught in a storm and was carried out of her course as far as the island of Lesbos. There she stayed for several days, while the damage caused by the storm was being repaired. Periander landed, and occupied himself in wandering about the island and watching the inhabitants.

In his wanderings he came one evening upon a group of men and women, whom he wished he might join. They had been working hard all day, gathering the grapes and pressing them in big wooden vats, to produce the wine for which Lesbos was famous. Now, in the beautiful autumn evening, they were making merry after their labors.

No wonder Periander stayed to watch them, for they made a very pretty picture. In the center of the dancers sat a boy, playing upon a small lute with seven

IN THE CENTER SAT A BOY, PLAYING UPON A LUTE

strings. To this accompaniment the dancers chanted a song in praise of the vine. Gradually the music went faster and faster; and faster and faster the dancers sped over the ground, until they were all out of breath, and lay laughing on the grass.

Then, as the boy struck another chord, all laughter was hushed, and he began to sing. It was a simple, plaintive little song, but there was a magic in his voice which held them all spellbound.

As the last note died away, a sigh came from the listeners. Some of the women turned away their faces, and the young men began to talk hastily, as if to hide their emotion.

Periander waited until the group broke up. Then he stepped forward and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The boy looked up with a smile.

"What is your name, my fair minstrel?" asked Periander.

"My name is Arion," the boy answered promptly, as if he were used to being questioned. "I come from beyond the hills, where I used to tend the goats."

He told Periander that his mother and father died before he could remember, and that he had been brought up by an old goatherd, until a traveling minstrel, who happened one day to hear him singing

on the hills, took charge of him and taught him to play the lute.

"That was one of his songs I was singing," said Arion. "He always liked me to sing his songs; but when I am a man, I shall make my own songs, and sing them in the great cities over the sea."

"And so you shall," said Periander. "Now, listen to me, Arion! Some day, perhaps, I may be a great man, able to help you to become known as a great singer. Remember, when you have need of a friend, that Periander of Corinth will help you if he can!"

When Periander departed, he left some money with a worthy old couple, who promised to look after the boy and to see that he wanted for nothing.

After some years, Periander became king of Corinth. One day, when he was listening to one of the court musicians, something in the music reminded him of Arion.

"By Apollo!" he cried. "We will have the little Lesbian at court, and make a famous singer of him. Where is Glaucus? Ho there! Bid Glaucus attend the king!" When Glaucus appeared, the king bade him take a boat and sail for Lesbos. "There you will make search for one Arion, a singer," he said, "and when you have found him, say, 'Periander of Corinth has need of his friend Arion.' And see that you bring him safely to Corinth!"

Glaucus did as he was bidden, and in due time found Arion, now grown into a tall, graceful youth. Arion, when he heard the message, consented to accompany Glaucus to Corinth, where he was greeted with great kindness by Periander. He very soon became a great favorite, for he was ever ready to sing to the people, who idolized him and called him the son of Apollo.

His fame spread as far as Italy, and the people there asked him to come and sing to them. So he went to Italy, traveled about there for a long time, and made a great fortune. But at last, growing tired of his wandering life, he decided that he would go back to Corinth in the ship *Nausicaa.*

The voyage began happily enough; but the second night he heard the captain and the crew plan to throw him overboard and to divide his money among themselves. Arion started up and implored them to spare his life, offering to hand over all his wealth. His entreaties and promises were all in vain.

"We give you a fair choice," said the captain, brutally. "Either leap into the sea at once, or kill yourself in some other way. If you choose to kill yourself here, we will bury you decently on shore."

Arion begged them, as a last favor, to let him sing once more before he died.

"That we will not refuse," the captain answered;

"though, if you think to move us by your wailing, let me tell you that you will waste your breath!"

Arion put on the robes in which he used to sing in the temple of Apollo; then he took his lute and stepped firmly to the prow of the vessel. There he sang the old song which he had sung in the Lesbian vineyards where Periander saw him first.

When he came to the last line of the song, he boldly leaped over the side of the vessel.

As Arion fell into the sea, the water seemed to become alive beneath him; he felt it lifting him up and carrying him away from the ship. Then he discovered that he was safe and sound, seated astride a great black fish, which was swimming very rapidly.

He knew it must be a dolphin which had been attracted by his singing; for the dolphins, unlike most things that live in the sea, have sharp ears, and are very fond of music.

Arion began to sing, and sang song after song. Whenever he stopped, the dolphin ceased from swimming; and when Arion began again, the dolphin bounded through the water with great strokes of his broad tail. A strange sight it must have been. The dolphin went straight across the open sea and took Arion to the shores of Greece, from whence he made his way on foot to the city of Corinth.

ARION SANG SONG AFTER SONG

Periander was overjoyed to see Arion once more, and when he marveled at the strange costume in which Arion had traveled, Arion related the whole story.

Periander listened attentively. When the story was finished, he remarked gravely, "Are you then so little satisfied with your victories over the musicians, Arion, that you have determined to be king of story-tellers also?"

"Does your Majesty intend to throw doubt on my story?" asked Arion.

"Far be it from me!" answered Periander. "The story pleases me well, and if you will tell me another such, I will take pains to believe that also."

"Then I will find means to prove to you that my story is true," cried Arion.

"Have I not said that I do not doubt?" asked Periander. "Yet I would gladly see the proof. I will wager my crown against your lute upon the issue!"

"So be it!" said Arion. "But first I must ask your Majesty to give orders that none may speak of my return. When the ship *Nausicaa* comes to port, let the seamen be dealt with as I shall appoint."

The king assented, laughing, for he deemed the tale impossible. After some days, however, it was announced that the ship *Nausicaa* was in the harbor. Periander summoned the captain and all the crew to

the palace, and asked them whether they had brought any news of his minstrel, Arion. The captain replied that Arion was still in Italy, traveling from place to place, and received everywhere with great honor. One of the sailors added that Arion preferred Italy to Greece, and had no intention of returning to Corinth.

At that moment a curtain was drawn, disclosing Arion with his lute, just as the sailors had seen him last in the prow of the ship. Supposing that they beheld his spirit, they were seized with terror, and fell at the king's feet, confessing all their wickedness and begging for mercy.

But Periander was filled with indignation, and turned from them angrily. Arion urged the king to be merciful, now that the seamen had seen their wickedness, and were willing to make restitution. Periander, however, would not hear of mercy.

"Your compassion bears witness to your noble spirit, Arion," he replied. "But these men have planned a most cruel and cowardly murder, and cruelly shall they suffer for it. Seize these men, guards, and bind them!"

The guards came forward and began to lead away the trembling wretches.

"Stay!" cried Arion. "It is I who am king. Did not your Majesty stake your crown against my lute,

and can the royal word be broken? Back, guards! I claim my wager!"

Periander could not refrain from laughter, but confessed himself beaten.

"The wit of Arion," he said, "is stronger than the tears of repentance. Release the prisoners!"

"That being so," said Arion, "and seeing that I am more at home with the lute, I will restore the royal crown to Periander."

—*From* HERODOTUS, *adapted by Georgine Burchill.*

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name —
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all !"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too !
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack ;
His eyes — how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses — his nose like a cherry !

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
The smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings — then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down off a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'

sage	rampant	bustle
choked	tremulous	hissing
achieved	escorted	incredible

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed in a twice-turned gown, with many ribbons, which were cheap and made a pretty show. She laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also wearing many ribbons; while Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose cooking, and had known it was their own. Filled with the thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your precious father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing in the door as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her oldest daughter a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet.

"We'd a deal of work to finish last night, mother," replied the girl, "and we had to clear away this morning."

"Well! never mind so long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and get warm, Lord bless you!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came Bob Cratchit, the father, in his threadbare clothes, all darned and brushed, to look neat, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limb supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden fall in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way

"IN CAME BOB CRATCHIT, AND TINY TIM UPON HIS SHOULDER"

from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming on Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see her father disappointed, if it were only in a joke. So she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim off into the kitchen, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper cooking pot.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was trembling when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, led by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. Bob, turning up his cuffs, made a hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and, stirring it round and round,

he put it over the fire to simmer. Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in a joyous procession.

Such a bustle followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then mounting guard upon their posts, they crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to receive it.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tender-

ness and flavor, size and cheapness, were admired by all. Helped out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, looking at one small bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.

But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, to take the pudding from the pot and bring it in.

"Suppose it should not be done enough!" said the two youngest Cratchits. "Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose!" At this supposition the two young Cratchits became pale. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, smiling proudly, with the pudding smoking hot, and decorated with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs.

Cratchit said she would confess she had her doubts about the exact quantity of flour to use. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought that it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to have said such a thing.

At last the dinner was all over, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up The compound in the jug was tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a circle. At Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass — two tumblers and a custard cup.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family repeated.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of them all.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledglings are cheeping,
That lures the bird home to her nest?
Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,
To cuddle and croon it to rest?
What the magic that charms the glad babe in her arms,
Till it coos with the voice of the dove?
'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low —
And the name of the secret is Love!
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is burning,
Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?
That stirs the vexed soul with an aching — a yearning
For the brotherly hand-grip of peace?
Whence the music that fills all our being — that thrills
Around us, beneath, and above?
'Tis a secret: none knows how it comes, or it goes —
But the name of the secret is Love!
For I think it is Love,
For I feel it is Love,
For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

— LEWIS CARROLL.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

First Voyage

frail	domain	purchase
bark	hold	camphor
farewell	inherited	Bagdad

I inherited a small fortune from my father, who was a merchant. This wealth came into my possession while I was still a child, and I grew up with all my wants abundantly supplied. I passed my youth with my friends and comrades in careless living, never thinking that some day my property would all be wasted, if I did nothing to increase it. And this was just what followed my heedless, extravagant ways. When I came to manhood, most of my lands and houses were gone, and also the gay companions of my younger days. Selling the little property that remained, therefore, I joined a company of merchants of well-known honesty, who were preparing for a trading voyage to the eastern seas, and together we fitted out a ship that set sail from the port of Balsora.

We traveled through the Persian Gulf, out into the open sea, and continued our voyage many days and nights, passing in the meantime islands both great and

small. At the ports of some of these, we anchored and exchanged our merchandise, always with large profit. Thus we continued to make a prosperous voyage.

One day we came near to a small island covered with what looked like rich green herbage. Here the wind suddenly stopped and our vessel was becalmed. The captain accordingly cast anchor and said that the passengers as many as wished, might land upon that island. I was among those who prepared fire pots and cooking vessels and went in a small boat to the shore. We lighted our fires, and some began to cook, others to wash their clothes, and still others to amuse themselves by strolling about the island. Having eaten our food, we were enjoying the quiet of a midday rest, when we were startled by a sudden violent trembling of the island. At the same moment those on the ship made a great outcry, bidding us to flee for our lives. The captain, standing on the side of the vessel, shouted: "Leave your fire pots and your goods, and come quickly into the ship. Save yourselves from destruction, for this island is not an island at all, but is a great sleeping whale that has become stationary in the sea. The heat from your fires wakened the creature, and now it will descend with you into the sea. Flee to the ship and save your lives."

The passengers, not waiting to hear the master's last words, sprang for the boat. Those who were nearest threw themselves into it, while others leaped into the sea. I seized a piece of the wood we had brought for our fire, and was about to leap into the water with the others, when suddenly the whale plunged into the depths of the ocean.

I was drawn under for some distance, and coming to the surface, I found myself too far from the vessel to be noticed in the confusion of getting on board those who had saved themselves in the small boat and by clinging to its sides. But very near to me I discovered one of the great wooden bowls the passengers had used for washing. Clutching it with both my hands, I succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting into it, and, using my feet for paddles, I found that my light craft would be of great assistance.

Meanwhile a light wind had come up, and the captain ordered the sails to be spread. To my deep dismay, I saw the vessel moving rapidly away. With frantic gestures and shouts I did my best to attract the notice of those on board, but all in vain. The ship passed from sight, and I was left in the midst of the ocean alone, to battle with the waves.

All day I was beaten about in my frail bark by the force of the wind and the waves, and at night I began

to be in despair of my life. I could do little but drift with the wind, which toward morning carried me against the shore of an island with steep cliffs rising abruptly from the water and covered with trees and small shrubs. With the aid of the overhanging branches, I climbed the steep sides of the cliff and stretched myself on the top, where I lay in the shade until the sun was high in the sky.

Somewhat refreshed, I began to look about me, and soon came upon fruit trees and a spring of clear water. I ate of these fruits and drank of the cool water, and then descended the hill to a great level plain, where my eyes soon lighted upon some horses that were peacefully eating the sweet grass and other herbage of the plain. As I looked, there came voices from under the earth near my feet. Presently a man appeared from a cave in the hillside, who so filled me with fright that I would have run, but he called to me.

"Who are you, kind sir, and what are your wishes?" he asked in a tone so pleasant that at once all fear left me, and I had the courage to answer his polite questions.

So I said: "Oh, sir, I was a passenger on a ship that sailed to the East Indies. In our passage we landed at a certain uninhabited place, and I was left behind when the ship sailed away. Having nothing to assist myself

with but a wooden bowl, I managed, with the aid of the wind, to reach this island."

He listened to my story with much interest, and when I had finished, he said: "You must be in great need of food and rest, sir. Will you come with me?" And he led the way to an underground grotto. Here he brought food and drink for my refreshment, and assembled his companions, who requested that I repeat the story of my adventures. The company then informed me that they were the grooms of King Mihrage, the monarch of the island, and that they came each year to the plain to care for the king's horses. "But," continued my host, "to-morrow we return to the capital with all the horses, and we shall be most happy upon our arrival to present you to King Mihrage. You are fortunate to have reached the place at this time, for a day later we should not have been in the plain, and without our aid you could never have found the inhabited part of the island."

The next morning early we began our journey, and continued without stopping until we arrived at the capital. My guides lost no time in informing the king of my presence in his domain, and he asked that I be presented to him without delay. King Mihrage received me with great kindness and courtesy, asking to hear my story from my own lips, which I gladly related

for his interest and benefit. After I had again told of all that had befallen me, King Mihrage treated me with the greatest respect and honor. He tried to encourage me with cheerful conversation, and at last he made me the master of his port, giving me the care of all the vessels that arrived at that harbor.

This employment gave me the satisfaction of meeting sailors and merchants from many distant lands. Of these I never failed to inquire of ships from Bagdad, hoping that upon some of them I might return to my native city. But none had even so much as heard of Bagdad. So I began to think I should never again see my home and family.

However, one day as I was attending to my duties at the port, a vessel of great size and unusual appearance sailed into the harbor. The ship came to its place and cast anchor. The sailors at once removed all the cargo, which I registered as was my custom. When they had finished, I said to the master, "Is there no more merchandise on your ship, sir?"

"We have some other goods in the hold," replied the captain. "They belong to one who was drowned on our voyage to the East, and we have them in charge, wishing if possible to sell them and return their price to the unfortunate man's family in Bagdad."

"What was the merchant's name?" I asked.

"He was Sindbad the Sailor," replied the captain. "He landed with others on what we supposed to have been an island, but which was the back of a great sleeping whale. As soon as they made a fire upon his back, the creature awoke and immediately plunged into the depths of the sea, and this unhappy merchant with others was drowned."

I looked at the captain sharply and saw that he was the master of the vessel upon which I had sailed from Balsora, but he did not recognize me.

"Master," I said, "I am Sindbad the Sailor, who you think was drowned, and these are my goods."

The captain replied that because he had said the owner of the merchandise was drowned, I wished to claim the goods and to get the gain. He beat his palm against his breast and cried out: "What a world is this in these sad days! Is there not an honest man among us? I should have thought you an honest man, but here you are claiming the goods of the man I saw go down with the whale."

"Have patience with me and I will explain to your satisfaction how it has all come about," I said in reply to his hasty attack. I then told him how I had come to the surface out of reach of the ship, and had drifted in the wooden bowl to this island where I had been kindly received and cared for since that sad day.

The captain began to recognize me, and when my story was ended, he fell upon my neck, full of joy. The other merchants, appearing, also recognized me and rejoiced that my life had been spared.

After composing himself, the captain said: "Sir, since these are your goods, Heaven be praised! Take them and do with them as you please."

I opened one of the packages and took from it a valuable present, which I presented to the king, telling him that the ship recently come into port was the vessel on which I had left my native land, and that with his kind permission I would return with the company.

Then taking my merchandise to those who bought, I sold them all with an abundant profit, and purchased sandalwood, camphor, spices, and ginger, all of which I put into the ship prepared for the homeward voyage; and, going again to the king, I thanked him once more for his great kindness and courtesy, and bade him an affectionate farewell.

On our homeward voyage I traded so successfully that my fortune was much increased when our ship arrived at Balsora. From that port I came at once to Bagdad in search of my family, who received me with joy, and I decided to purchase a comfortable home and spend the remainder of my days in the midst of home and friends.

SECOND VOYAGE

aggrieved	wallet	cunning
device	lulled	curiosity
infested	incision	caverns

I had resolved, as you know, on my return from my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days quietly in Bagdad, but very soon I grew tired of such an idle life and longed once more to find myself upon the sea.

I procured, therefore, such goods as were suitable for the places I intended to visit, and embarked for the second time in a good ship with other merchants whom I knew to be honorable men. We went from island to island, often making excellent bargains, until one day we landed at a spot which, though covered with fruit trees and abounding in springs of excellent water, appeared to possess neither houses nor people. While my companions wandered here and there gathering flowers and fruit, I sat down in a shady place, and, having heartily enjoyed the provisions and the wine I had brought with me, I fell asleep, lulled by the murmur of a clear brook which flowed close by.

How long I slept I know not, but when I opened my eyes and started to my feet I perceived with horror that I was alone and the ship was gone. I rushed to

and fro like one distracted, uttering cries of despair, and when from the shore I saw the vessel under full sail just disappearing upon the horizon, I wished bitterly enough that I had been content to stay at home in safety. But since wishes could do me no good, I presently took courage and looked about me for a means of escape. When I had climbed a tall tree I first of all directed my anxious glances toward the sea; but, finding nothing hopeful there, I turned landward, and my curiosity was excited by a huge dazzling white object, so far off that I could not make out what it might be.

Descending from the tree I hastily collected what remained of my provisions and set off as fast as I could go towards it. As I drew near, it seemed to me to be a white ball of immense size and height, and when I could touch it, I found it marvelously smooth and soft. As it was impossible to climb it, — for it presented no foothold, — I walked round about it, seeking some opening, but there was none. I counted, however, that it was at least fifty paces round. By this time the sun was near setting, but quite suddenly it fell dark, something like a huge black cloud came swiftly over me, and I saw with amazement that it was a bird of extraordinary size which was hovering near. Then I remembered that I had often heard the sailors speak of a wonderful

bird called a roc, and it occurred to me that the white object which had so puzzled me must be its egg.

Sure enough, the bird settled slowly down upon it, covering it with its wings to keep it warm, and I cowered close beside the egg in such a position that one of the bird's feet, which was as large as the trunk of a tree, was just in front of me. Taking off my turban I bound myself securely to it with the linen, in the hope that the roc, when it took flight next morning, would bear me away with it from the desolate island. And this was precisely what did happen. As soon as the dawn appeared, the bird rose into the air, carrying me up and up till I could no longer see the earth, and then suddenly it descended so swiftly that I almost lost consciousness. When I became aware that the roc had settled and that I was once again upon solid ground, I hastily unbound my turban from its foot and freed myself, and that not a moment too soon; for the bird, pouncing upon a huge snake, killed it with a few blows from its powerful beak, and seizing it up, rose into the air once more and soon disappeared from my view. When I had looked about me I began to doubt if I had gained anything by quitting the desolate island.

The valley in which I found myself was deep and narrow, and surrounded by mountains which towered into the clouds, and were so steep and rocky that there

By courtesy of Longmans, Green & Company.

"THE BIRD ROSE, CARRYING ME UP"

was no way of climbing up their sides. As I wandered about, seeking anxiously for some means of escaping from this trap, I observed that the ground was strewed with diamonds, some of them of an astonishing size. This sight gave me great pleasure, but my delight was speedily damped when I saw also numbers of horrible snakes so long and so large that the smallest of them could have swallowed an elephant with ease. Fortunately for me they seemed to hide in caverns of the rocks by day, and only came out by night.

All day long I wandered up and down the valley, and when it grew dusk I crept into a little cave, and having blocked up the entrance to it with a stone, I ate part of my little store of food and lay down to sleep, but all through the night the serpents crawled to and fro, hissing horribly, so that I could scarcely close my eyes for terror. I was thankful when the morning light appeared, and when I judged by the silence that the serpents had retreated to their dens, I came tremblingly out of my cave and wandered up and down the valley once more, kicking the diamonds contemptuously out of my path, for I felt that they were indeed vain things to a man in my situation. At last, overcome with weariness, I sat down upon a rock, but I had hardly closed my eyes when I was startled by something which fell to the ground with a thud close beside me.

It was a huge piece of fresh meat, and as I stared at it, several more pieces rolled over the cliffs in different places. I had always thought that the stories the sailors told of the famous valley of diamonds, and of the cunning way which some merchants had devised for getting at the precious stones, were mere travelers' tales, invented to give pleasure to the hearers, but now I perceived that they were surely true. These merchants came to the valley at the time when the eagles, which keep their nests in the rocks, had hatched their young. The merchants then threw great lumps of meat into the valley. These, falling with so much force upon the diamonds, were sure to take up some of the precious stones with them when the eagles pounced upon the meat and carried it off to their nests to feed their hungry broods. Then the merchants, scaring away the parent birds with shouts and outcries, would secure their treasures. Until this moment I had looked upon the valley as my grave, for I had seen no possibility of getting out of it alive, but now I took courage and began to devise a means of escape. I began by picking up all the largest diamonds I could find and storing them carefully in the leathern wallet which had held my provisions; this I tied securely to my belt. I then chose the piece of meat which seemed most suited to my purpose, and with the aid of my turban

bound it firmly to my back. This done I lay down upon my face and awaited the coming of the eagles. I soon heard the flapping of their mighty wings above me, and had the satisfaction of feeling one of them seize upon my piece of meat, and me with it, and rise slowly towards his nest, into which he presently dropped me. Luckily for me, the merchants were on the watch, and setting up their usual outcries they rushed to the nest, scaring away the eagle. Their amazement was great when they discovered me, and also their disappointment, and with one accord they fell to abusing me for having robbed them of their usual profit. Addressing myself to the one who seemed most aggrieved, I said:—

"I am sure, if you knew all that I have suffered, you would show more kindness towards me, and as for diamonds, I have enough here of the very best for you and me and all your company." So saying, I showed them to him. The others all crowded round me, wondering at my adventures and admiring the device by which I had escaped from the valley, and when they had led me to their camp and examined my diamonds, they assured me that in all the years that they had carried on their trade they had seen no stones to be compared with them for size and beauty.

I found that each merchant chose a particular nest, and took his chance of what he might find in it. So

I begged the one who owned the nest to which I had been carried to take as much as he would of my treasure, but he contented himself with one stone, and that by no means the largest, assuring me that with such a gem his fortune was made, and he would need to toil no more. I stayed with the merchants several days, and then as they were journeying homeward, I gladly accompanied them as far as Balsora, whence I hastened to Bagdad, where my first action was to bestow large sums of money upon the poor, after which I settled down to enjoy the riches I had gained with so much toil and pain.

— ANDREW LANG, *adapted from the* "Arabian Nights."

THE GREEKS AND THEIR GAMES

development	necessary
wreaths	practicing

The ancient Greeks lived centuries ago on a little mountainous peninsula of southern Europe. They loved all those games and sports that helped to make their bodies active, strong, and well shaped. They knew, quite as well as we know, that such bodies were necessary if they wished to do any work that was of value in the world.

The principal games for the development of the body among the Greeks were running and wrestling matches. Men and boys were continually practicing these games at their homes, and once every four years thousands and thousands of the people met in a wide plain for the national contests, which were called the Olympic Games.

At these national festivals the people from all the cities of Greece came together; some to take part in the sports, and many more to see the contests and to honor the winners.

The prizes were simple wreaths of leaves from the laurel tree or from the wild olive, but one of these simple

wreaths wound around the brow of a Greek youth made him a hero from that day. His family, his city, indeed his nation, all paid him the highest honors.

These contests of the Greeks, which gave them such strong and graceful bodies, helped also to give them equally strong and intelligent minds. With such bodies and such minds they became one of the world's greatest nations.

HOW THESEUS LIFTED THE STONE

temple	hilt	able
bred	triumph	nightingales
veins	bronze	Athens

Once upon a time there was a princess in a city of Greece who had one son, named Theseus. Theseus was the bravest lad in all the land, and the princess smiled only when she looked at him, for she was sad because her husband lived far away from her over the sea.

She used to go up the mountain side above the city and sit there all day looking out across the water to the shore far beyond.

When Theseus was fifteen years old, she took him with her to the mountain top into the grove of tall trees which grew there. She led him to the tallest tree, beneath whose shade grew wild flowers and low bushes covered with purple blossoms.

There she sighed, and said, "Theseus, my son, go into the thicket, and you will find at the foot of the tree a great flat stone; lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and saw that they had not been moved for many a year. Searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all overgrown with ivy and moss. He tried to lift it, but he could not. He tried again, and again he could not. He tried till the sweat ran down his brow from heat, and the tears ran from his eyes from shame; but still he could not lift the mighty stone. At last he came back to his mother and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it; nor do I think that any man in all the city can lift it."

She only sighed, and said: "God waits long, but He is just at last. Let it be for another year, my son. The day may come when you will be the strongest man in all the city."

When a year had passed, the mother again led Theseus to the summit of the mountain and bade him lift the stone; and again he could not lift it.

Then she sighed, and said the same words again, and went down. She came again the next year, but Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor could he the year after. He longed to ask his mother the meaning of that stone, and what might lie underneath it; but her sad face took from him the courage to ask the question.

So he said to himself, "The day will surely come

when I shall lift that stone, though no man in the city can now move its mighty weight."

In order to grow strong Theseus spent his days in wrestling and boxing, in taming horses, in hunting the wild boar and the bull, in herding the goats, and chasing deer among the rocks.

At last a day came when upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift nor so strong as Theseus, and he killed a wild boar which wasted all the land. Then all the people said, "Surely God is with the lad."

When his eighteenth year was past, his mother led him once more up to the grove, and said, "Theseus, my son, you must lift the stone this day, or you will never know who you are."

Theseus went into the thicket, stood over the huge stone, tugged at it, and it moved. He tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a mighty shout of triumph.

When he looked underneath it he saw on the ground a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold. By it was a pair of golden sandals. He caught these up and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and he leaped to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl. Theseus stood by her, wondering, and weeping also, he knew not why.

At last she lifted up her head, and laid her finger on her lips, and said, "Hide them in your bosom, Theseus, my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."

They went outside the grove to the edge of the cliff, and looked down over the bright blue sea; and the mother said: —

"Do you see this land at our feet?"

He answered, "Yes, my mother; this is the city where I was born and bred."

And she said: "It is but a little land, barren and rocky. Do you see that land far beyond the shallow water?"

"Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell."

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son; a land of olive oil and honey, the joy of common men and of heroes. For God has surrounded it with mountains whose veins are filled with pure silver, and whose stony sides are of marble as white as summer clouds. There the hills are sweet with the smell of plants good for food, and the meadows are fragrant with the smell of violets. The nightingales sing all day in the thickets. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of a strong and able race. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were made king of such a land?"

Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad bright sea, and saw the fair shore of Attica, and all the mountain peaks which are round about Athens, the one chief city.

His heart grew great within him, and he said, "If I were king of such a glorious land, I would rule it so wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb and cry, 'Alas! alas! for here lies the shepherd of his people!'"

At these brave words his mother smiled and said: "Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to your father, Ægeus, King of Athens. Say to him, 'The stone is lifted.' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what God shall send you."

But Theseus wept and said, "Shall I leave you, O my mother?"

She, the brave mother, answered: "Weep not for me. Full of sorrow was my youth, and full of sorrow my womanhood. Beyond I see still new sorrows; but I can bear them as I have borne the past."

She kissed Theseus for the last time, and wept over him. Then she disappeared in the temple close at hand, and Theseus saw her no more.

THESEUS SAID, "SHALL I LEAVE YOU, MY MOTHER?"

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE DESTROYERS OF MEN

Theseus stood alone before the temple with his mind full of many hopes. First he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship and sailing across the bay to Athens. But that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea and find his father. Then, as he thought, his heart began to fail him, and he said to himself: — .

"What if my father will not receive me as his son? What have I done that he should receive me? He has forgotten me since I was born; why should he welcome me now? I have done no brave deed to prove that I am the great Ægeus's son."

Then he thought a long while sadly; and at last he cried aloud: "Yes! I will make him love me; for I will prove myself worthy of his love. I will win honor and renown, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me. I will go to Athens by land, through the mountains. There I may hear of adventures, and do something which will win my father's respect and love."

So Theseus journeyed by land, away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh. He

went first into a gloomy glen, where he met and slew a desperate man who fought with a mighty club of bronze.

Theseus took up the club and went on till he met a cruel robber, whom men called "the pine-bender"; for he bent down pine trees and bound all travelers hand and foot between them, and killed them there. The two fought together till Theseus struck the pine-bender a mighty blow with the bronze club, which ended all his cruelties and freed the people from the fear of him.

Theseus went on over the hills and along the cliffs till he saw another robber, who made all travelers wash his feet, and while they washed, he kicked them over the cliffs. Theseus rushed upon him and threw him over the cliffs into the sea.

Then he went a long day's journey, and came to a city which was ruled by a cruel king, who challenged every comer to wrestle with him; for he was the best wrestler in all the land and overthrew all who came.

But Theseus went up boldly and challenged the king to wrestle with him, and sharp was the battle in the courtyard. At last Theseus lifted the cruel king from the ground and pitched him over his shoulder. The king said no word, for his heart was burst with the fall.

The next morning Theseus rid the country of another monster, called "the stretcher." With pleasant words this robber invited strangers to his house and killed them on a famous bed. Whatsoever the stature of his guest, however tall or short, that bed fitted him to a hair. For, if a man were too short, the robber stretched his limbs till they were long enough, and if he were too tall for the bed, he bent up his limbs till they were short enough.

Theseus continued on his way, while all the people blessed him; for his fame had gone before him, and every one knew of his mighty deeds. And all cried, "Here comes the hero, who slew the pine-bender and conquered the cruel king in wrestling, and who slew the pitiless stretcher." But Theseus went on his way, for he longed to see his father.

So he went straight into Ægeus's palace. When he saw his father, his heart leaped into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and greet him. But he controlled himself, when he thought: "My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I make myself known to him." He bowed low before Ægeus, and said, "I have delivered the king's land from many monsters, therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king."

Old Ægeus looked upon this youth with powerful

limbs and honest, open face, and instantly loved him. But he only sighed, and said, "It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing worthy of you; for surely you are no mortal man, nor a mortal's son."

Then Theseus came close to Ægeus, and drew from his bosom the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother had bidden him speak when he met his father.

Ægeus stepped back a pace, and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim. Then he cast himself upon his son's neck and wept, and Theseus wept on his father's neck till they had no strength left to weep more.

Ægeus then turned to all the people, and cried, "Behold my son, a better man than his father was before him."

Theseus stayed with his father during all the winter months. When the spring drew near, he saw that all the Athenians grew sad and silent. He asked the reason, but no one would answer him a word.

He went to his father, and asked him, but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen. It is enough to face them when they come."

On a certain day in early spring a herald came to Athens and stood in the market place. Here he cried,

"O people and King of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?"

Then a great lamentation arose from all the people throughout the city. But Theseus went up to the herald, and cried, "Who are you that demands tribute from the citizens of free Athens?"

And the herald answered proudly: "Fair youth, I do the bidding of my master, Minos, the King of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. You must surely be a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

"I am a stranger. Tell me why you come."

"To take the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, King of Crete. Minos conquered all the land, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son came hither to the games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero. But he was slain, no man knows how or where.

"So Minos came hither to avenge him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to the island of Crete."

Theseus hastened to his father and asked him if these words were true, but Ægeus, weeping, turned

away his face, and said: "Blood was shed in this land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart with questions, my son; it is enough to endure in silence."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

But Ægeus cried: "You shall not go to die as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth from which there is no escape. There they meet the Minotaur, the monster that feeds upon the flesh of men. They never see this land again."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom, and at last he spoke and said:

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the beast. Have I not slain all evil doers and monsters, that I might free this land? This Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare to stop me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster, defenseless and naked like the rest."

Theseus answered, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth, and have I not fists and teeth?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but Theseus would not hear. At last the king, weeping bitterly, let him go.

Theseus went out to the market place where the herald stood, while the people drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail on that sad journey. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that one; but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried: —

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

The herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said: "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, the people following with deep lamentation. But Theseus whispered to his companions: —

"Have hope, for the monster can be slain. Where are the pine-bender, the stretcher, and the wrestler, and all others whom I have slain?"

Then their hearts were comforted a little; but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs rang, and all the isles of the sea, with the voice of their lamentations as they sailed on toward Crete.

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR

At last they came to Crete, and to the palace of Minos the great king, who thought he was the wisest of all mortal kings. His ships were as many as the sea gulls, and his palace like a marble hill.

Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. Minos commanded that the band of youths and maidens be taken to prison, and cast to the monster one by one.

Then Theseus cried: "A boon, O Minos. Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came thither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

"Who are you, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom of all men you hate most, Ægeus, the King of Athens."

Minos, looking straight at Theseus, thought, "The lad means to pay by his own death for his father's sin." He therefore answered aloud very mildly: —

"Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

At that Minos frowned, and said: "Then you shall see him. Take the madman away."

They led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos's daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone dancing hall. She loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" By night she went down to the prison and said to him:—

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends. Go back in peace to Greece and take me with you! I dare not stay in Crete after you are gone, for fear of my father when he knows what I have done."

Theseus stood silent a while, for he was astonished by her beauty; but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, avenged the death of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

She said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a

strange road if I do not find it out after I have slain the monster."

Then the maiden cried: "Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that, perhaps, you may slay the beast; and a clew of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape, you will take me home with you to Greece, for I dare not stay after you have gone."

Theseus took the sword and hid it in his bosom, and rolled up the clew in his hand, and promised Ariadne to take her with him if he escaped from the monster.

When evening came, the guards entered the prison and led him away to the labyrinth.

He went down into that dreadful place through winding paths among the rocks, and over heaps of fallen stone. He turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clew. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone at the entrance, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went. It lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

When Theseus saw the mighty creature, he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull,

and his teeth the teeth of a lion. Seeing Theseus, he roared, put down his head, and rushed at the youth.

Theseus stepped aside quickly, and as the monster passed by, he cut him in the knee. Then before the injured beast could turn in the narrow path, Theseus followed, stabbing him again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bellowing wildly with pain. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding his clew of thread in his left hand.

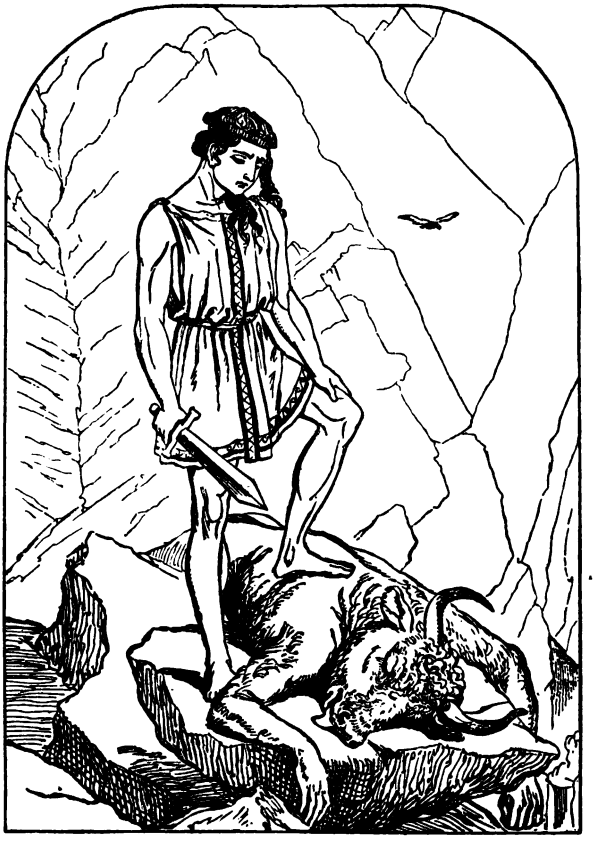
On through caverns, up rough glens, to the edge of the eternal snow, went the hunter and the hunted, while the hills echoed the monster's bellowings.

At last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on the snow. He caught him by the horns, forced him back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then Theseus turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clew of thread, till he came to the mouth of the labyrinth. There he saw Ariadne waiting for his return.

He whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword. She laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, opening the doors and setting all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily, for she had silenced them with wine.

Then Theseus, with Ariadne and the seven youths



THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

and seven maidens, fled to their ship together, leaped on board, and raised the sail. The night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos's ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos, and there Ariadne became Theseus's wife.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CHINESE BOYS' GAMES

melodious	origin	enthusiasm
bulge	monsters	craze
pastime	currency	sociable

In spite of many obstacles the Chinese boy proves by his play that he is a boy still. Kiteflying is a national pastime. Young and old take part in it, and it is not unusual to see gray-haired men enjoying it in company with a ten-year-old youngster. Kites are of all sizes. I have seen kites that were six or seven feet from wing to wing. The frame is made of bamboo slips which can be easily bent. Over this frame is pasted very stout rice paper, upon which figures are painted — sometimes the face of a man, sometimes of a bird.

On the larger kites a bow is fastened at the top, with a reed instead of a string, and when the wind blows upon this reed, a melodious sound is heard through the air, that greatly delights everybody. It seems to the watchers a mysterious voice from a different world.

Kiteflying in America could be much improved. Kites should be constructed of the Chinese shape. The

rib that runs through both wings should bulge out so that the paper on both sides may cave in. This is for the purpose of catching and holding the wind as well as of steadying the kite. For a kite of this shape a tail is not needed.

To fly such a kite, the cord must be very strong, and often it requires two or three men to hold it. When the kite gets up among the clouds and the flyer's enthusiasm is at its boiling point, a paper butterfly, beautifully colored, is fastened on the cord, and the wind sends it up with a whizzing sound to the kite itself. But when it touches the kite, the butterfly's wings come together, and down it returns, by its own weight, bringing a message from the skies, and its graceful approach is watched breathlessly.

The ninth day of the ninth month, which in China comes in October, is "Kites' Day." On that day it is the fashion to go up on high hills and fly kites. Such a scene is inspiring. Men and boys of all ranks, sizes, and ages are seen with cords in their hands, pulling and jerking, or letting loose all sorts of agile rice-paper monsters in the windy sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight — in entangling them and cutting one another's strings by sudden jerks.

There is a story to account for the origin of Kites' Day. Back in the world's history, when Time was

still young, a man, while working in the field, was told by a passing stranger that a terrible plague was about to visit his house on the ninth day of the ninth month, and that the only way to escape was to flee to a high hill near by. After giving this warning, the stranger disappeared mysteriously.

This man, who was a very good man, went home, and getting his whole family together before the fatal day arrived, set out with them to the hill and remained there all day. To pass away the time his children flew their kites. Hence the custom.

After sunset, they went home and found that all their cattle, chickens, and ducks had died. This, they thought, proved that they themselves had been saved by the help of Deity. Ever since that time people have made the day a national holiday.

Kicking the shuttlecock is a favorite outdoor amusement with both boys and men. The shuttlecock consists of a bunch of feathers stuck in small, round pieces of leather, or cardboard, and tied together by a string. The game is to kick it when it is kicked to you without allowing it to drop on the ground. When one misses, he has to kick to some one else. From two to six persons can play. Skillful players will keep the shuttlecock above the ground for some time.

We also have something which is a very little like

the manly sport of baseball. A piece of snake skin is wound around with yarn until it is the size of a baseball. Boys in China toss it, or make it bound, as you do your rubber balls.

Swimming is not popular, although many Chinese boys learn to swim. Fishing means work with the Chinese. A man or boy goes fishing simply for the fish, and not for the fun; and in this I think that my countrymen are right.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack! Quack!"

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree toad at his gray back door,
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way out to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my raincoat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
That I find on my way to school."

— CLARA DOTY BATES.

WOO OF HWANGHO

peril	entrance	agile
crevices	serene	assailant
mountaineers	reckless	defiant

PART I

One day the good priest, Father Thomas, found himself in great danger on the steep cliffs of the Yellow River, or the Hwangho, as the Chinese call it. Walking around a bend of the road on the steep and narrow bank of the river, he suddenly came face to face with six ugly Tartar horsemen, mounted on six swift Kirghiz ponies. These wild mountain robbers were charging down upon him with their uncomfortable looking spears and their terrifying shouts. Neither the rushing Yellow River below, nor the steep yellow cliffs above, offered him any means of escape that he could see.

To be sure, these dirt cliffs were full of caves and crevices, where one might hide safely, but the good man could see no cave at that moment. So he faced the bold mountaineers calmly like the brave man that he was.

Just as he braced himself against a projection of the cliff to meet the fierce attack of those reckless men,

he felt a quick jerk at his robe, and heard the low voice of a girl say, "Look not before you nor behind you, good O-lo-pun, but trust my word and leap backward."

Father Thomas had learned two valuable lessons in his wandering about the earth. One lesson was never to appear surprised, and the other one was always to be ready to act. So he obeyed promptly and leaped straight backward.

The next instant he found himself flat upon his back in a low cave, whose entrance was concealed by a screen of vines. He picked himself up and breathed a prayer of thanks to God for his deliverance. Then he peered through the leafy doorway of his refuge and beheld six astonished, disappointed Tartar robbers looking with wonder at a defiant little Chinese girl. She must have darted out of his hiding place at the moment she commanded him to jump into it. She was facing the enemy boldly, and her little almond eyes danced with mischievous delight at their defeat.

The reverend father recognized the child at once. She was Woo, the bright little girl whom he had often seen at his mission house in Tûng Chow on the bank of the Yellow River, where her father was gatekeeper at the great Dragon Gate of the city.

As the little girl faced the whole band of reckless horsemen, one of the Tartars sprang forward in his

saddle to catch her. But agile little Woo was quicker than her assailant. With a nimble turn and a sudden spring, she dodged his outstretched hand, and with a laugh of derision, she sprang up the cliff, disappearing in one of the caves before the horseman could see what had become of her.

With a wild yell the Tartar riders continued their gallop along the road that led away from the city toward the mountains.

Before Father Thomas had time to think much about what had just happened, a little yellow face peered out of a cave above the one which protected him. Then a black-haired, tightly braided little head bobbed from side to side with delight, and the next moment the good priest was heartily thanking his small ally for saving him from the robbers.

"My daughter," said the priest after he had thanked the child, "this is a gracious deed you have done to me, and one that I cannot easily repay. Yet I would gladly do something to show my gratitude. Tell me what you would like above all other things."

The girl's answer was very unexpected. "I would like to be a boy, O master!" she replied. "Let the great Shang-ti, the God, whose greatness and power you teach us, make me a man, that I may have revenge."

"Revenge is not for men or for maids to use," said

ONE OF THE TARTARS TRIED TO CATCH WOO

the good man. "Keep no such desires in your heart, but come with me, my child, and I will show you more attractive things. This very day the great Emperor goes from the City of Peace to his palace on the banks of the Yellow River. Come with me and see the splendor of his royal procession. You may even see the great Emperor himself and the young Prince Kaou, his son."

"That I will not," cried the girl, in an angry tone. "I hate this great Emperor, as men wrongfully call him, and I hate the young Prince Kaou. May the god of the dragons dash them both beneath the Yellow River before they leave its banks this day!"

At this terrible wish on the lips of so young a girl, the good father very nearly forgot one of his most valuable lessons — never to be surprised. He looked at his defiant little companion in amazement.

"Have a care! Have a care! my daughter!" he said at length. "The tongue is a little member, but it can kindle a great fire. How may you hope to live after speaking such direful words against the Son of Heaven?"

"The Son of Heaven killed my father, the Emperor of China," answered little Woo.

"Your father, the Emperor!" gasped the priest. "Is the girl crazy, or is she making sport of one who seeks her good?"

"The Princess Woo is not crazy, nor is she making sport of the master," said the child. "I speak the truth."

Then Woo told the astonished priest that the keeper of the Dragon Gate was not her father. "Last night I heard the gatekeeper talking with his wife," she said. "I heard them say that I am the only daughter of the rightful Emperor of China, the Prince Kûng-ti. The present Emperor was my father's chief adviser. This chief adviser killed Kûng-ti, my father, to get his throne. Then he flung me, the rightful Princess Woo, into the swift-running Hwangho, from whose waters the keeper of the Dragon Gate rescued me."

"This story may or may not be true," the worthy man said to himself. But he said to Woo: "My daughter, how can you right your wrongs? What can a girl do to right her own wrongs?"

The young princess drew up her small form proudly. "Do!" she cried in brave tones. "I can do much, wise O-lo-pun. Though I am but a girl, I am the daughter of able and brave emperors. Therefore I cannot fail to be able and brave."

Father Thomas returned to the city. As he entered the Dragon Gate, he met the supposed father of Woo, from whom he learned that Woo's story was the true one — that she was really the daughter of the late

Emperor. The priest was indeed astonished and troubled to learn these facts about the child. But he knew that she was too young and untrained to beg mercy and justice from the great Emperor Tai-tsûng. So he took her into his mission house for teaching and guidance.

PART II

In the mission home of the good father, Woo learned many helpful lessons about the worth and proper condition of woman. There, among many other girls, as she grew older, the little princess became more assertive and self-reliant. She also became expert in many sports in which Chinese boys alone were trained.

One day, when young Princess Woo was about fourteen, she was missing from her place among the girls of the mission school. Quietly she slipped through the thronging streets of the city and approached the palace of the great Emperor Tai-tsûng.

Just within the main gateway of the palace were the archery grounds, where the Emperor, the young Prince, and the great nobles of the royal household took part in the exciting contests of the bow and arrow.

Drawing about her shoulders the yellow sash that denoted royalty, the Princess Woo walked straight through the palace gateway, past the wondering guards, and into the archery grounds.

Here the young Prince Kaou, a lazy lad about her own age, was cruelly goading his trained crickets to a ferocious combat within their gilded bamboo cage. Near by the slaves were preparing the bow and arrows for his daily archery practice.

Among the rulers of China three classes of targets are used. The skin of the bear is used by the Emperor alone, the skin of the deer is used by princes of the blood, and the skin of the tiger by the nobles of the court.

The girl with the royal sash and the determined face walked straight up to Prince Kaou. He left off goading his fighting crickets, and looked in astonishment at this strange and highly audacious girl, who had so boldly walked into this place sacred to men only, which no woman had ever dared to enter.

Before the guards could interfere, she said to the Prince: "Are the arrows of the great Prince Kaou so well fitted to the bow that he dares to try his skill with me? I am only a girl, yet I have the wit and the right to test your skill."

The guards started to drag the intruder away, but the Prince was glad to welcome anything that promised him amusement. So he commanded them to let her alone.

"No girl speaks in this manner to the Prince Kaou

and lives," he said insolently. "Give me instant proof of your boast, or the wooden collar in the palace torture house shall soon be around your neck."

"Give me the arrows, Prince," the girl said bravely.

At a sign the slaves handed her a bow and arrows. But, as she tried the cord and glanced along the polished shaft, the Prince said: "Stop, girl. There is no target set for you. Let the slaves set up the people's target. These are not for such as you."

"Nay, Prince, fret not yourself," the girl coolly replied. "My target is here!" And while all looked on in wonder, the undaunted young archer deliberately toed the practice line and twanged her bow. With a sudden whiz, her well-aimed shaft went quivering straight into the small white center of the great bearskin — the imperial target itself!

With a cry of horror and rage at such sacrilege, the guards pounced upon the girl archer, and would have dragged her away. But with the same quick motion that had saved her from the Tartar horsemen, she sprang from their grasp. Standing full before the royal target, this descendant of emperors said commandingly: "Hands off, slaves; nor dare to question my right to the bearskin target. I am the Empress!"

Prince, guards, and slaves looked at this extraordinary girl in open-mouthed wonder. But before their

THE UNDAUNTED GIRL TWANGED HER BOW

speechless amazement could change, a loud laugh rang from the imperial doorway and a hearty voice exclaimed: "Bravely done, and by a girl, too! Who is the Empress, Prince? Let me, too, salute the Tsih-tien!"

A portly figure, clad in yellow robes, strode down to the targets, while all within the archery grounds except the brave young archer prostrated themselves in homage before one of China's greatest monarchs — the Emperor Tai-tsung, Wun-woo-ti.

But before the Emperor could reach the girl, the bamboo screen was swept hurriedly aside, and in rushed the anxious priest. He had traced his charge to the palace, and now found her in the very presence of those he thought were her mortal enemies. Prostrate at the Emperor's feet, he told the young girl's story, and then pleaded for her life, promising to keep her safe within the walls of his mission.

The Emperor Tai laughed a mighty laugh, for the bold deed of this daughter of his former master suited his warlike humor. But he was a wise and merciful monarch.

"No, wise and good O-lo-pun," he said, "the royal blood of the house of Sui flows safely only within palace walls. To-morrow your ward, the Princess Woo, shall come to dwell in the imperial palace."

Accordingly, the next day, with much ceremony,

Woo was installed in the quarters given to her in the great palace. There she learned much that princesses should know, and she continued to show the same bravery and wit that had gained her the favor of the Emperor. When she was a beautiful young woman, she married Prince Kaou, who succeeded his great father as Emperor of China. So the heroine of the yellow cliffs became the Empress of China. And in that country she is known as Woo, the Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine.

—E. S. BROOKS.

NOTE:

Dragon Gate = one of the gates in the wall around the city,—so called because it was decorated with the figure of a dragon.

Son of Heaven = a name by which the Emperors of China are known in that country.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

The good dame looked from her cottage,
  At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
  Outside the door at play,
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
  While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
  Across the dike, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him —
  They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
  Before the sun is set."

Then the goodwife turned to her labor,
  Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
  At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
  And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
  And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with a face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place.
Alas! if only a blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now as the day was sinking,
  And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from the door again,
  Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
  And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
  Along the level track.

But she said, "He will come at morning,
  So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
  To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
  On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
  An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
  Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
  Against their narrow bound.
"Ah, well for us," said Peter,
  "That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
  Or they would not hold you long!"

"You're a wicked sea," said Peter.
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,

He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
  Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
  Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
  As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black,
  Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
  Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
  As he ever came before!

"He is dead," she cries, "my darling!"
  And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
  And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
  Thrills the stricken man and wife:
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
  And God has saved his life!"
So there in the morning sunshine
  They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
  In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
  When the sea roars like a flood,

Their boys are taught what a boy can do
  Who is brave and true and good,
For every man in that country
  Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
  Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
  Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
  Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
  And told to the child on the knee,
As long as the dikes of Holland
  Divide the land from the sea!

— PHŒBE CARY.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain;
He wished only to borrow;
He'd repay it to-morrow:
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.
Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,

"Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will *persevere*,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

— E. HICKSON

VOCABULARY

The words in the following list are defined according to their use in the text of this book.

n. means *noun*. *a.* means *adjective*.
p. means *participle*. *v.* means *verb*.
adv. means *adverb*.

A

ab rupt'ly, *adv.*, suddenly, hastily.
ab surd', *a.*, foolish, ridiculous.
a bus'ing (ȧ būs'ĭng), *p.*, speaking unkindly to another, scolding.
ac'ci dent, *n.*, chance, an unexpected event.
ac com'mo date (ă kŏm'ŏ dāt), *v.*, to adjust, to suit.
ac cus'ing (ă kūs'ĭng), *p.*, condemning, censuring.
a chieved' (ȧ chēvd'), *v.*, performed, accomplished, finished.
ad'mi ral, *n.*, commander in chief of a navy.
ad ven'ture, *n.*, a heroic deed, an exciting event.
ad ven'tur er, *n.*, one who engages in new and perilous enterprises.
ad vis'er (ăd vīz'er), *n.*, one who tells another how to act.
af fec'tion ate (ă fĕk'shŭn ȧte), *a.*, loving.
ag grieved' (ă grēvd'), *a.*, injured, treated unkindly.
ag'ile (ăj'il), *a.*, active, nimble.
aisle (īl), *n.*, passageway between rows of seats.
a lert' (ȧ lûrt'), *a.*, watchful, ready to act.
al ly' (ă lī'), *n.*, helper.
al'mond (ä'mŭnd), *n.*, a kind of nut.
a maze'ment (ȧ māz'ment), *n.*, great surprise, wonder.
a muse' (ȧ mūz'), *v.*, to entertain pleasantly.
an'chored (ăŋ'kĕrd), *v.*, stopped (as a ship) by putting down an anchor.
an'cient (ān'shĕnt), *a.*, old.
anx'ious (ăŋk'shŭs), *a.*, uneasy, disturbed in mind, troubled.
a part'ments, *n.*, rooms, a number of rooms connected by doors.
ap point'ed, *v.*, chosen by authority to do a particular work.
ar'a ble (ăr'ȧ b'l), *a.*, cultivated by plowing.
arch'er y (är'chēr ĭ), *n.*, shooting with bow and arrows.
arms (ärmz), *n.*, guns.
ar rest'ed, *v.*, stopped, held by authority of law.
ar riv'al (ă rīv'ăl), *n.*, act of coming to a place.
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), *n.*, appearance of a thing.
as sail'ant (ă sāl'ănt), *n.*, one who attacks another.
as sault'ed (ă sôlt'ed), *v.*, struck or attacked by another.
as sem'bled (ă sĕm' b'ld), *v.*, gathered together in one place.

as sent'ed, *v.*, agreed, admitted the truth of a thing.

as sert'ive (ă sûr'tĭv), *a.*, having a strong, forceful manner.

as sist'ance (ă sĭs'tăns), *n.*, help, aid.

as ton'ish ing, *p.*, surprising, amazing.

a stride' (ȧ strīd'), *a.*, sitting with a leg on each side of an object; as, a man on horseback.

at tempts', *v.*, tries, endeavors.

at tract'ed (ă trăkt'ed), *v.*, drawn toward, allured.

au da'cious (ô dā'shŭs), *a.*, bold, daring.

au'tumn (ô'tŭm), *n.*, the season which follows summer and precedes winter.

a venge' (ȧ vĕnj'), *v.*, to punish an evildoer, to retaliate.

av'e nues (ăv'ĕ nūs), *n.*, broad, beautiful streets.

a void', *v.*, to keep away from.

awk'ward (ôk'wĕrd), *a.*, clumsy, ungraceful.

B

bal'last (băl'ăst), *n.*, weight placed in a boat to steady it.

bal'sam (bôl'săm), *n.*, sweet-scented oil obtained from certain trees and plants.

bare (bâr), *a.*, uncovered, naked.

bar'gain (bär'gĕn), *n.*, agreement, contract.

barn, *n.*, a building for housing animals, or for storing grain.

ba'sin (bā's'n), *n.*, vessel for holding liquid.

beat, *n.* & *v.*, range; to strike, to defeat.

bea'ver (bē'vĕr), *n.*, small animals that build their houses in streams, etc.

be calm' (bē käm'), *v.*, to stop (as a ship) for lack of wind.

be fall'en (bē fôl'ʻn), *v.*, happened, taken place.

be friend'ed (bē frĕnd'ed), *v.*, acted as a friend, helped.

be have' (bē hāv'), *v.*, to act in a proper manner.

be held', *v.*, saw.

be la'bored (bē lā'bĕrd), *v.*, thrashed, beat soundly.

be lieve' (bē lēv'), *v.*, to be convinced of the truth of anything.

bless'ing (blĕs'ĭng), *p.*, wishing or giving happiness.

board (bōrd), *n.*, a dining table.

boast (bōst), *v.*, to speak too highly of one's self or of what belongs to one's self.

bobbed, *v.*, moved the head quickly.

boll (bōl), *n.*, a part of a plant, especially flax or cotton.

bonds'man (bŏndz'măn), *n.*, a man forced to serve another, a slave.

braced (brāst), *v.*, supported.

brace'lets (brās'lĕts), *n.*, ornaments worn usually on the arms.

bram'bles (brăm'b'ls), *n.*, vines or shrubs with sharp thorns.

bred, *v.*, educated, trained.

bri'ers (brī'ĕrs), *n.*, thorns.

bronze (brŏnz), *n.*, a metal composed of copper, tin, etc.

brow (brou), *n.*, the forehead.

browse (brouz), *v.*, to eat grass or other herbage from a pasture or meadow.

bru'tal ly (brōō'tăl ly), *adv.*, cruelly.

buck'et (bŭk'ĕt), *n.*, a pail.

buds, *n.*, leaves or flowers that have not yet opened.

bulge (bŭlj), *v.*, to bend or curve outward.

bur'y ing (bĕr'ĭ ĭng), *p.*, covering, placing in the ground.

bus'tle (bŭs''l), *v.*, to move about in a quick, noisy way.

but'ting (bŭt'ĭng), *p.*, striking with the horns or the head.

C

cam'phor (kăm'fẽr), *n.*, gum from a certain tropical tree.

ca na'ry (ka nā'rĭ), *n.*, a singing bird.

can'celed (kăn'sĕld), *v.*, blotted out, set aside, done away with.

can non ade' (kăn ŭn ād'), *n.*, an attack by means of cannon.

cap'tive (kăp'tĭv), *n.*, a prisoner taken by force.

care'less (kâr'less), *a.*, thoughtless, not taking proper thought for the rights of others.

carved (kärvd), *v.*, cut from stone or other hard substance.

cast (kȧst), *v.*, to throw.

cav'erns (kăv'ẽrns), *n.*, large caves in the earth.

chal'lenged (chăl'enjd), *v.*, asked to fight with another person; as, a duel.

charg'ing (chärj'ĭng), *p.*, making an attack.

char'i ots (chăr'ĭ ŏts), *n.*, two-wheeled cars used for war and in processions.

chat'ting, *p.*, talking in a light and familiar manner.

cheat'ed, *v.*, defrauded.

checked (chĕkt), *v.*, stopped.

cheep'ing, *p.*, uttering faint, shrill sounds; as, a young bird.

cheer'ful ness, *n.*, joy, contentment.

chok'ing (chōk'ĭng), *p.*, the breath being partly stopped by something getting into the windpipe.

chub'by, *a.*, having a round, fat face or body, or both.

chuck'led (chŭk''ld), *v.*, laughed softly.

cin'ders (sĭn'dẽrs), *n.*, ashes, embers.

cit'i zen, *n.*, a native of a country, or one who has become naturalized.

clear'ing, *p.*, freeing from obstructions.

clev'er (klĕv'ẽr), *a.*, quick, intelligent.

clutch'ing (klŭch'ĭng), *p.*, holding firmly with both hands.

cocked (kŏkt), *v.*, raised; as, a dog's ears in listening.

com mand' (kŏ mȧnd'), *v.*, to order with authority.

com mit' (kŏ mĭt'), *v.*, to do, to perform.

com pan'ion (kŏm păn'yŭn), *n.*, an associate.

com pelled' (kŏm pĕld'), *v.*, forced to yield, overpowered.

com plaint' (kŏm plānt'), *n.*, an expression of dissatisfaction.

com pos'ing (kŏm pōz'ĭng), *p.*, putting together, making.

con clu'sion (kŏn klōō'zhŭn), *n.*, a decision reached by thinking.

con'crete (kŏn krēt'), *n.*, mixture of gravel and cement.

con duct'ed (kŏn dŭkt'ed), *v.*, shown to a place, or guided.

con duct'or (kŏn dŭk'tẽr), *n.*, a guide, one who directs another to a place.

con fu'sion (kŏn fū'zhŭn), *n.*, disorder.

con'science (kŏn'shĕns), *n.*, our knowledge of right and wrong.

con sent'ed, *v.*, agreed.

con'stant ly (kŏn'stănt lĭ), *adv.*, continuously, steadily.

con'sul ta'tion (kŏn'sŭl tā'shŭn), *n.*, a talk between persons for the purpose of deciding an important matter.

con temp'tu ous ly (kŏn tĕmp'tū ŭs lĭ), *adv.*, scornfully, insultingly.

con test'ed (kŏn tĕst'ed), *v.*, disputed, questioned the truth of.

con triv'ance (kŏn trīv'ăns), *n.*, adaptation, scheme, device.

con ven'ient (kŏn vēn'yĕnt), *a.*, easily used, easily reached, suitable.

co ro'na (kŏ rō'ná), *n.*, a crown, a circle around the sun.

cor rect'ed (kŏ rĕkt'ed), *v.*, made correct, made right.

couch (kouch), *n.*, a bed.

coun'te nance (koun'tĕ năns), *n.*, the face.

cour'age (kŭr'ăj), *n.*, freedom from fear, bravery.

cours'es (kōrs'ĕs), *v.*, moves with speed.

court (kōrt), *n.*, home of a monarch; a place where legal matters that must be decided by a judge are discussed.

cour'te sy (kŭr'tĕ sĭ), *n.*, politeness, kindness.

cow'ered (kou'ĕrd), *v.*, crouched, quailed.

crawled (krôld), *v.*, crept like a worm.

craze (krāz), *n.*, a temporary infatuation.

cre at'ed (krē āt'ed), *v.*, brought into being, made.

crest (krĕst), *n.*, the top of a wave.

crev'ice (krĕv'is), *n.*, a narrow crack or opening.

criss'crossed (krĭs'krôst), *v.*, crossed the same path many times.

croon (krōōn), *v.*, to hum or sing in a low tone.

crum'pled (krŭm'p'ld), *v.*, crushed together.

cun'ning (kŭn'ĭng), *a.*, wise, knowing, clever, crafty.

curb (kûrb), *v.*, to stop, to restrain, to subdue.

cu ri os'i ty (kū rĭ ŏs'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, desire to know.

cur'ren cy (kŭr'ĕn sĭ), *n.*, money.

cut (kŭt), *n.*, a passage dug through a hill.

D

dad'dy (dăd'ĭ), *n.*, a child's name for father.

dain'ty (dān'tĭ), *a.*, neat, pretty.

dame (dām), *n.*, a mother, a married woman.

damped (dămpt), *v.*, made slightly wet, discouraged.

dan'de li on (dăn'dĕ lĭ ŭn), *n.*, a plant with yellow blossoms.

dart'ed, *v.*, ran very swiftly.

dashed (dăsht), *v.*, hurried away with great speed.

deaf'en ing (dĕf''n ĭng), *p.*, very loud, taking away the power to hear.

de ceived' (dĕ sēvd'), *v.*, led to believe a falsehood.

de'cent ly (dē'sĕnt lĭ), *adv.*, in a suitable manner.

de creased' (dĕ krēst'), *v.*, made smaller.

deed (dēd), *n.*, an act, that which is done.

de feat' (dĕ fēt'), *n. & v.*, failure; to overthrow or overpower.

de fend' (dĕ fĕnd'), *v.*, to protect, to keep off harm.

de fense'less (dĕ fĕns'less), *a.*, without protection.

de fi'ant (dĕ fī'ănt), *a.*, having a strong wish to oppose.

De'i ty (dē'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, God.

de ject'ed, *a.*, discouraged, unhappy.

de liv'er, *v.*, to set free, to save.

de liv'er ance (dĕ lĭv'ẽr ăns), *n.*, act of freeing or of being freed from danger.

dense (dĕns), *a.*, growing close together.

de ri'sion (dĕ rĭzh'ŭn), *n.*, act of making fun of, ridicule, scorn.

de scend'ants (dĕ sĕn'dănts), *n.*, offspring, children, grandchildren, etc.

de scend'ed, *v.*, went down.

des'ert (dĕz'ẽrt), *n.* & *a.*, an uninhabited place, a wilderness; like a wilderness, forsaken.

de sert' (dĕ zûrt'), *v.*, to leave or forsake, to leave unprotected.

de serves' (dĕ zûrvs'), *v.*, merits, is worthy of.

de spair' (dĕ spâr'), *n.*, hopelessness, great unhappiness.

des'per ate ly (dĕs'pẽr ăt lĭ), *adv.*, hopelessly.

de spise' (dĕ spīz'), *v.*, to dislike very greatly, to scorn.

de ter'mined (dĕ tûr'mind), *v.* & *a.*, decided, not wishing to yield.

de vel'op ment, *n.*, growth.

de vise' (dĕ vīz'), *v.*, to plan, to find a way to do a certain thing.

de vour'ing, *v.*, swallowing quickly.

di'a monds (dī'ă mŭnds), *n.*, precious stones, jewels.

dike (dīk), *n.*, a bank of earth built to keep out the water.

dil'i gent ly (dĭl'ĭ jĕnt lĭ), *adv.*, working earnestly or continuously.

din, *n.*, a loud noise.

din'gy (dĭn'jĭ), *a.*, dirty, discolored, dull.

dire'ful (dīr'fo͝ol), *a.*, sorrowful, terrible, pitiful.

dis a'bled (dĭs ā'b'ld), *v.*, injured, made useless.

dis clos'ing (dĭs klōz'ing), *p.*, making known, revealing.

dis cov'ered (dĭs kŭv'ẽrd), *v.*, found out, made known.

dis crim'i nate (dĭs krĭm'ĭ nāt), *v.*, to make a difference in treatment or favor.

dis guised' (dĭs gīzed'), *v.*, changed in appearance to prevent recognition.

dis heart'ened (dĭs härt'n'd), *a.*, discouraged.

dis may' (dĭs mā'), *n.*, fright, terror.

dis tin'guished (dĭs tĭn'guĭsht), *a.* & *v.*, set apart as being above others, honored; recognized.

dis tract'ed (dĭs trăkt'ed), *a.*, disquieted, disordered.

dis tressed' (dĭs trĕst'), *a.*, deeply troubled, miserable.

dis turbed', *v.*, gave trouble, annoyed.

dived (dīvd), *v.*, went under the water.

dodged (dŏjd), *v.*, moved quickly to another place.

dol'phin (dŏl'fĭn), *n.*, a kind of ocean fish.

do main' (dō mān'), *n.*, a country, a certain territory.

doubt (dout), *n.*, uncertainty, disbelief.

draft, *n.*, a light breeze blowing through a room or other inclosed place.

drag'on (drăg'ŭn), *n.*, an imaginary animal with a lizard's body.

draw'er (drô'ẽr), *n.*, a box that moves in and out of a frame.

duc'ats (dŭk'ăts), *n.*, pieces of Venetian money.

E

ear'nest (ûr'nĕst), *a.*, persevering in trying to accomplish a purpose.

ef fect' (ĕ fĕkt'), *n.*, that which follows a cause.

e jac'u lat ed (ē jăk'ū lāt ĕd), *v.*, spoken in a decided, forceful manner.

e lec'tion (ē lĕk'shŭn), *n.*, process or act of choosing a person to fill an office.

el'e ment (ĕl'ē mĕnt), *n.*, one of the simple substances of which the physical universe is composed.

elf, *n.*, a fairy.

em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), *n.*, badge, sign, symbol.

em braced' (ĕm brāst'), *v.*, held in the arms.

em'er alds, *n.*, precious stones of a green color.

e mo'tion (ē mō'shŭn), *n.*, feeling, excitement.

en cour'age (ĕn kŭr'āj), *v.*, to give hope, to give cheer.

en dan'ger (ĕn dān'jēr), *v.*, to put into danger, to cause harm.

en deav'or (ĕn dĕv'ēr), *v.*, to try.

en dur'a ble (ĕn dūr'ā b'l), *a.*, fit to be endured, fit to be borne with.

en dure', *v.*, to last, to remain, to suffer.

en'gine (ĕn'jĭn), *n.*, a machine to produce energy, to move trains, etc.

en gi neer' (ĕn jĭ nēr'), *n.*, one who manages an engine.

en large' (ĕn lärj'), *v.*, to make larger, to extend.

en tan'gle ment, *n.*, state of being surrounded or encircled.

en thu'si asm (ĕn thū'zĭ ăz'm), *n.*, joyful excitement.

en treat'ies (ĕn trēt'ĭs), *n.*, cries for help, earnest asking for some favor.

en vel'oped, *v.*, hidden, concealed, covered.

er'rand (ĕr'ănd), *n.*, any small transaction done by a messenger.

es cort'ed (ĕs kôrt'ed), *v.*, accompanied by another as an act of honor or courtesy.

es pe'cial ly (ĕs pĕsh'ăl lĭ), *adv.*, chiefly, particularly.

e'ven (ē'v'n), *adv.*, used for emphasis with then; even then, at that time.

ex'e cute (ĕk'sē kūt), *v.*, to do, to complete, to finish.

ex pect' (ĕks pĕkt'), *v.*, to look forward in mind to something that is to come or to happen.

ex traor'di na ry (ĕks trôr'dĭ nā rĭ), *a.*, uncommon, not usual, rare.

ex trav'a gant (ĕks trăv'ā gănt), *a.*, unrestrained, spending more money than one should.

ey'ries (ē'rĭz), *n.*, nests of birds that build on high places.

F

faint'ed (fānt'ed), *v.*, became unconscious.

fair'ies (fâr'ĭz), *n.*, small imaginary beings who are supposed to take an interest in people.

faith (fāth), *n.*, belief, trust.

fare (fâr), *v.*, to be in any state, good or bad; to have (good or bad) fortune.

fash'ion (făsh'ŭn), *n.*, manner of dressing, custom of the day.

fast'ened (fás'nd), *v.*, attached, tied.

fa'tal, *a.*, causing death or destruction.

fate, *n.*, good or bad fortune, chance.
fa'vor ite (fā'vẽr ĭt), *a.*, liked the best, preferred.
fee'ble, *a.*, weak in body or mind.
fer til'i ty (fẽr tĭl'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, richness.
fierce'ly (fērs'lĭ), *adv.*, cruelly, wildly.
firm (fûrm), *a.*, still, unmoving, determined.
flail (flāl), *n.*, an instrument for beating grain out of the straw or husk.
flash, *n.*, a blaze of light lasting but a moment.
fled, *v.*, ran away from.
fledg'ling (flĕj'lĭng), *n.*, a young bird that has just acquired its feathers.
fleet (flēt), *n. & a.*, a group of warships; very swift.
flit'ting, *p.*, flying about, usually near the ground.
flood (flŭd), *n.*, a great flow of water.
flut'ter, *n.*, a state of excitement.
flut'tered (flŭt'ẽrd), *v.*, moved the wings rapidly without flying.
forged (fōrjd), *v.*, moved heavily forward.
fra'grant (frā'grănt), *a.*, having a sweet odor, perfume.
fran'tic (frăn'tĭk), *a.*, excited, wild.
freck'led (frĕk'l'd), *a.*, covered with dark brown spots.
fur'row (fŭr'ō), *n.*, a trench in the earth made by a plow.
fur'ther, *adv.*, beyond, more distant.
fuzz (fŭz), *n.*, very fine hair.

G

gal'lant, *a.*, heroic, noble.
gar'ret (găr'ĕt), *n.*, the highest room in the house, the one just under the roof, attic.
gasp'ing, *p.*, taking in short, quick breaths.
gen'er os'i ty (jĕn'ẽr ŏs'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, willingness to give, kind-heartedness, unselfishness.
ge'nie (jē'nĭ), *n.*, an imaginary being having power to do wonderful things.
ges'ture (jĕs'tūr), *n.*, motion of the body or arms to express thought or feeling.
gi'ant (jī'ănt), *a.*, of great size.
glar'ing, *a.*, shining with a dazzling light, bright-colored.
glen, *n.*, a narrow valley.
glis'ten ing (glĭs''n ĭng), *a.*, shining, bright.
glue (glōō), *n.*, a sticky substance made from the hoofs of animals.
gnashed (năsht), *v.*, set the teeth firmly together.
goad'ing (gōd'ĭng), *p.*, urging or forcing an animal by pricking it with a sharp instrument.
grace'ful (grās'fo͝ol), *a.*, able to move with ease.
gra'cious (grā'shŭs), *a.*, kind, agreeable in manners.
grasped (gráspt), *v.*, seized, took hold of firmly.
grate'ful (grāt'fo͝ol), *a.*, thankful.
grat'i tude (grăt'ĭ tūd), *n.*, thankfulness.
grave'ly, *adv.*, thoughtfully.
greet'ing, *n.*, a welcome, salutation.
grieved (grēvd), *v.*, filled with sorrow.
grooms, *n.*, those who care for horses.
grot'to (grŏ'tō), *n.*, a cave, a room in the mountain side.
grove, *n.*, a number of trees growing near together.
grum'bled (grŭm'b'ld), *v.*, complained.

guards (gärds), *n.*, those who protect people or places from injury.
guid'ance (gīd'ăns), *n.*, act of directing or leading another.
guide (gīd), *n.*, one who shows the way.
guilt'i ly (gĭl' tĭ lĭ), *adv.*, done in a manner that shows the person doing the act is guilty; that is, has done something wrong and deserves punishment.
gulls (gŭls), *n.*, large water birds.
gusts, *n.*, sudden strong blasts of wind.
gut'ter (gŭt'ĕr), *n.*, a channel for carrying away waste water.
gyp'sies (jĭp'sĭz), *n.*, a company of wandering fortune tellers.

H

hal'ter (hôl'tĕr), *n.*, a rope or leather strap for leading or tying a horse.
hauled (hôld), *v.*, pulled or dragged.
hay, *n.*, dry grass.
ha'zy (hā'zĭ), *a.*, not clear, confused in thought.
heed'less, *a.*, careless, thoughtless.
hel'met, *n.*, a metal covering for the head, used as a protection in war.
her'ald, *n.*, the messenger of a king or of some other great person.
herbs (ûrbs), *n.*, small plants or grass.
her'mit (hûr'mit), *n.*, one who lives alone in a place where no other people live.
he'ro, *n.*, one who has performed brave deeds.
hid'e ous (hĭd'ē ŭs), *a.*, frightful to see.
hilt, *n.*, handle of a sword.
hiss'ing, *p.*, having the sound of the letter *s*.
hol'low (hŏl'ō), *a.*, empty.
home'sick ness, *n.*, a very strong wish to return home.
hor'ri ble (hŏr'ĭ b'l), *a.*, fearful, frightful.
host, *n.*, one who entertains a guest.
house'hold, *n.*, family.
hug, *v.*, to hold fast in the arms.
hum, *v.*, to make a sound like a bee.
hu mane' (hū mān'), *a.*, kind, merciful.
hu'mor (hū'mĕr), *n.*, fancy, desire.
hurled (hûrld), *v.*, thrown with force.

I

i de'a (ī dē'ȧ), *n.*, a thought, a picture formed in the mind.
i'dle (ī'd'l), *a.*, useless, worthless.
i'dol ized (ī'dŏl īzd), *v.*, looked upon as perfect.
ill'-na'tured, *a.*, bad-tempered, cross.
im'ag es (ĭm'ȧ jĕs), *n.*, small statues.
im pe'ri al, *a.*, relating to an emperor, royal.
im plored' (ĭm plōrd'), *v.*, asked with great earnestness.
in ci'sion (ĭn sĭzh'ŭn), *n.*, a cut or a wound.
in cred'i ble (ĭn krĕd'ĭ b'l), *a.*, beyond belief, marvelous.
in fest'ed, *v.*, invaded by great numbers of insects, rats, etc.
in form'ing, *p.*, giving information, telling.
in hab'it ed, *v.*, used as a dwelling place, occupied by people.
in her'it ed, *v.*, received by right of birth from an ancestor.
inn (ĭn), *n.*, a small hotel.
in sist'ed, *v.*, held firmly to something that has been said or done.
in'so lent ly, *adv.*, disrespectfully.

in stalled' (ĭn stôl'd'), *v.*, placed in position.

in ten'tion (ĭn tĕn'shŭn), *n.*, purpose, determination to do a particular thing.

in'ter est, *n.*, money paid for the use of money; benefit, advantage.

in ter rupt'ed, *v.*, stopped suddenly.

in trud'ers (ĭn trōōd'ẽrs), *n.*, those entering a place.

in vent'ed, *v.*, discovered.

isles (īls), *n.*, small islands.

is'sue (ĭsh'ū), *v.*, to come out, to send out.

J

jack'al (jăk'ôl), *n.*, a small animal found in tropical countries.

jerk (jŭrk), *v.*, to pull quickly.

jol'li est (jŏl'ĭ ĕst), *a.*, merriest, most joyful.

judged (jŭjd), *v.*, thought, decided, condemned.

K

ker'chief (kûr'chĭf), *n.*, a cloth worn about the neck.

knight (nīt), *n.*, a person belonging to the upper class of the people, having the title of "Sir" before his name.

L

lab'y rinth (lăb'ĭ rĭnth), *n.*, a place full of paths that cross each other and wind about in such a way that it is impossible to find one's way out of the place.

lam en ta'tion (lăm ĕn tā'shŭn), *n.*, act of expressing sorrow or grief by weeping aloud.

lane (lān), *n.*, a narrow road.

lan'tern, *n.*, a light inclosed in a case to protect it from wind and rain.

last, *n.*, a block shaped like the foot, on which shoes are formed.

lat'tice (lăt'ĭs), *n.*, a network made by crossing thin, narrow pieces of wood.

launch (lônch), *v.*, to put a ship into the water ready for a voyage.

laws (lôs), *n.*, decrees or rules made by the government.

lea (lē), *n.*, pasture or grassland.

leak (lēk), *n.*, a small hole that allows a liquid to pass through.

length'en (lĕng'th'n), *v.*, to make longer.

liz'ard, *n.*, a reptile with a long, slender body and tail, and usually four legs.

lulled (lŭld), *v.*, quieted, soothed.

lunched (lŭncht), *v.*, ate food not at the regular time and place of taking meals.

lures (lūrz), *v.*, attracts.

lute (lūt), *n.*, a musical instrument like a guitar.

M

mag'i cal (măj'ĭ kăl), *a.*, wonderful, supernatural.

ma gi'cian (mȧ jĭsh'ăn), *n.*, one who performs wonderful tricks.

man'aged (măn'ăjd), *v.*, controlled, governed, directed.

ma raud'ers (mȧ rôd'ẽrs), *n.*, robbers, intruders.

mar'veled, *v.*, wondered.

mar'vel ous (mär'vĕl ŭs), *a.*, surprising, wonderful, strange.

mast, *n.*, an upright pole on a ship that holds the sails, rigging, etc.

match (măch), *n.*, an equal.

mat'ter, *n.*, subject, that which is discoursed or talked about.

ma ture' (má tūr'), *a.*, full-grown, ripe.

mead'ow (měd'ō), *n.*, low, level land covered with grass.

meal (mēl), *n.*, flour made from corn, any coarse flour; the food eaten at the daily hours for taking food.

meek'ly, *adv.*, humbly, gently, patiently, quietly.

me lo'di ous, *a.*, musical, agreeable to the ear.

mer'chan dise (mŭr'chăn dīz), *n.*, goods bought or sold.

mer'cy (mûr'sĭ), *n.*, pity, willingness to forgive or to help.

mere, *a.*, unmixed, entire, simple, bare.

min'o taur (mĭn'ō tôr), *n.*, an imaginary beast supposed to have the body of a man and the head of a bull.

min'strel, *n.*, a wandering singer.

mir'y (mīr'ĭ), *a.*, muddy.

mis be have', *v.*, to act in an improper manner.

mis'er y (mĭz'ĕr ĭ), *n.*, very great suffering.

mix'tures (mĭks'tûrs), *n.*, things mixed together.

moist, *a.*, wet.

mol'ten (mōl't'n), *a.*, melted, used of metals.

mon'arch (mŏn'ärk), *n.*, ruler, king, emperor.

mon'as ter y, *n.*, the home of monks.

mon'sters, *n.*, very large animals.

moo, *n.*, the call of a cow.

mound, *n.*, a small hill.

mow (mou), *n.*, place where hay or unthreshed grain is kept.

muf'fled (mŭf''ld), *v.*, closely wrapped with some material to prevent sound from escaping.

mur'mur, *n.*, a low, singing sound.

mused (mūzd), *v.*, thought carefully, studied in silence.

mus'kets, *n.*, guns.

mut'tered (mŭt'ĕrd), *v.*, spoke in a low voice with lips partly closed.

mys te'ri ous ly (mĭs tē'rĭ ŭs lĭ), *adv.*, in a secret manner.

mys'ti fied (mĭs'tĭ fīd), *v.*, puzzled, did not understand.

N

nev'er the less, *adv. or conj.*, yet, still.

nib'bling, *p.*, eating in small bites.

niche (nĭch), *n.*, a small, hollow place, usually in a wall, for holding a statue.

night'in gale (nīt'ĭn gāl), *n.*, a bird that usually sings at night.

nim'ble (nĭm'b'l), *a.*, quick, able to move easily and quickly.

no bil'i ty, *n.*, the reigning class in a monarchy.

no'tice (nō'tĭs), *n.*, a statement giving particular knowledge regarding a subject.

no'tion (nō'shŭn), *n.*, a thought, an idea.

O

o bliged' (ŏ blījd'), *v.*, forced, compelled.

ob'sta cle (ŏb'stá k'l), *n.*, something in the way, a stumbling block.

odd (ŏd), *a.*, queer, strange.

o'pals, *n.*, precious stones showing many different colors.

or'i gin (ŏr'ĭ jĭn), *n.*, beginning.

ov'en (ŭv''n), *n.*, a compartment heated for baking.

P

pad'dles, *n.*, short, broad pieces of wood used for moving boats.

pair (pâr), *n.*, two objects.

pal'ace (păl'ăs), *n.*, dwelling of a monarch.

pal'lets, *n.*, beds, usually made of straw and placed upon the floor.

palm (päm), *n.*, the inside of the hand.

pant'ing, *p.*, taking short, quick breaths, as a dog does when running.

par tic'u lar (pär tĭk'ū lár), *a.*, special, separate.

pas'time, *n.*, sport, play.

pa'tience (pā'shĕns), *n.*, power to wait calmly for something one expects to receive or to happen.

pa'tient ly (pā'shĕnt lĭ), *adv.*, calmly, waiting quietly.

paved (pāvd), *v.*, covered with stones, brick, or other substances.

peb'bles (pĕb''ls), *n.*, small, smooth stones.

peeped (pēpt), *v.*, looked cautiously from a hiding place.

peered (pērd), *v.*, looked carefully at.

pen'du lum, *n.*, a weight hanging from a fixed point so that it can swing back and forth.

per ceived' (pĕr sēvd'), *v.*, recognized, observed.

per haps', *adv.*, by chance.

per'il, *n.*, great danger.

per sist'ed, *v.*, was determined not to yield.

per suad'ed (pĕr swād'ĕd), *v.*, advised, entreated, caused others to change their minds.

pests, *n.*, troublesome animals.

pe ti'tion (pĕ tĭsh'ŭn), *n.*, a request, a favor asked for.

picked (pĭkt), *v.*, gathered in the hands, selected.

pi'ous (pī'ŭs), *a.*, religious.

pit'ied (pĭt'ĭd), *v.*, felt pity for.

pit'y (pĭt'ĭ), *n.*, a feeling of sorrow for anything, as an animal or a person that is suffering.

plague (plāg), *n.*, a disease.

plain'tive, *a.*, sad, mournful.

plan'ets, *n.*, heavenly bodies moving in their paths or orbits around the sun.

plight (plīt), *n.*, unpleasant situation.

plun'dered, *v.*, robbed, stole.

plunged (plŭnjd), *v.*, leaped or dived into the water.

pos si bil'i ty, *n.*, something likely to happen, likely to occur.

post'ed, *v.*, fastened in a prominent place.

pos'tern, *a.*, back, rear.

pos'ture (pŏs'tŭr), *n.*, position of the body.

praised (prāzd), *v.*, told of the goodness, ability, etc., of a person.

pre'cious (prĕsh'ŭs), *a.*, costly, of great value.

pre'ci pic es (prĕs'ĭ pĭs ĕs), *n.*, very steep banks.

pre cise'ly (prē sīs'lĭ), *adv.*, exactly, correctly.

pre ferred' (prē fûrd'), *v.*, liked better.

pre sent'ed (prē zĕnt'ed), *v.*, introdúced.

pre served' (prē sûrvd'), *v.*, saved.

pre vail'ing (prē vāl'ing), *p.*, triumphing, gaining the mastery.

pro claimed' (prō klāmd'), *v.*, announced publicly.

pro cured' (prō kūrd'), *v.*, obtained.

pro jec'tion (prŏ jĕk'shŭn), *n.*, part extending beyond the rest.

proph'et (prŏf'ĕt), *n.*, one who foretells the future.

pro posed' (prō pōzd'), *v.*, suggested.

pros'per, *v.*, to succeed, to do well.

pro tract'ed (prō trăkt'ed), *v.*, lengthened or delayed.

pro vi'sions (prŏ vĭzh'ŭns), *n.*, food.

puck'ered (pŭk'ĕrd), *v.*, drawn into small folds, wrinkled.

puff'ing, *p.*, breathing quickly with difficulty.

punt, *n.*, a fishing boat.

pur'pose (pûr'pŭs), *n.*, plan, object, aim.

purse (pûrs), *n.*, small bag, case, or book for carrying money.

purs'ing, *p.*, gathering into folds; as, the lips.

Q

quiv'er ing (kwĭv'ĕr ĭng), *p.*, trembling, shaking.

R

raged (rājd), *v.*, became furious with anger.

rail (rāl), *n.*, one of the steel bars of a railroad track.

rails, *n.*, bars of timber or poles composing a kind of fence.

ram'ble (răm'b'l), *v.*, to walk about, to wander.

ramp'ant (răm'pănt), *a.*, leaping like a horse.

ranks, *n.*, different classes of the people of a country.

rap'ture (răp'tŭr), *n.*, extreme joy or pleasure.

ras'cals (răs'kălz), *n.*, bad men, scamps.

re ced'ing (rē sēd'ĭng), *p.*, moving back.

reck'less, *a.*, careless, bold.

reed, *n.*, tall, coarse grass with a hollow stem; a musical instrument made from a reed or in the shape of a reed.

re freshed' (rē frĕsht'), *v.*, rested, having the strength restored.

re fresh'ment, *n.*, food and drink.

ref'uge (rĕf'ūj), *n.*, a safe place, a shelter from danger.

re fused' (rē fūzd'), *v.*, would not grant a request.

reg'i ment (rĕj'ĭ mĕnt), *n.*, a body of soldiers commanded by a colonel.

reg'is tered (rĕj'ĭs tĕrd), *v.*, entered in a book.

re lease' (rē lēs'), *v.*, to let go, to set free.

rel'ished (rĕl'ĭsht), *v.*, tasted with pleasure, enjoyed.

re marks', *n.*, statements.

re paired' (rē pârd'), *v.*, restored to good condition.

re pent'ance (rē pĕn'tăns), *n.*, regret for wrongdoing and resolve to do right.

re quest'ed (rē kwĕst'ĕd), *v.*, asked.

res'cue (rĕs'kū), *v.*, to free from danger.

re solved' (rē zŏlvd'), *v.*, decided, concluded.

re spond'ed, *v.*, answered, replied.

rest, *n.*, sleep, peace; the part that is left or that remains after something has been taken away.

res ti tu'tion (rĕs tĭ tū'shŭn), *n.*, act of returning a thing to its owner.

re treat'ed (rē trēt'ed), *v.*, retired, withdrew.

re trieve' (rē trēv'), *v.*, to discover and bring in killed or wounded game.

re venge' (rē vĕnj'), *n.*, suffering or evil given to another in return for suffering or evil received from him.

rev'er ent ly, *adv.*, in a manner showing great respect.

re ward' (rē wôrd'), *n.*, something given in return for a favor received, payment for something done.

rhyth'mi cal (rĭth'mĭ kăl), *a.*, full of rhythm, marked by regularly repeated movements.

rid, *v.*, to drive away.

rig'ging, *n.*, ropes that support or hold the sails of a ship.

ri'ot (rī'ŭt), *n.*, a tumult, a battle among citizens who are not authorized soldiers.

risk, *n.*, exposure to loss or danger.

rogues (rōgs), *n.*, bad men.

rub'bish, *n.*, waste matter.

ru'bies (rōō'bĭz), *n.*, precious stones red in color.

rude (rōōd), *a.*, rough, poorly built; discourteous.

ru'in (rōō'ĭn), *n.* & *v.*, something partly destroyed; to destroy.

rush, *v.*, to run, to move forward very fast.

S

sac'ri fice (săk'rĭ fīz), *n.*, an offering, a giving up of something desired.

sage (sāj), *n.*, a plant whose leaves are used to flavor meats.

sash, *n.*, a long cloth or ribbon worn about the waist.

sat'is fied, *a.*, contented.

scales (skālz), *n.*, an instrument used for weighing.

scarce (skârs), *a.*, not plentiful, not abundant.

scarf (skärf), *n.*, a long, narrow cloth worn over the shoulders.

scene (sēn), *n.*, a landscape or situation.

scheme (skēm), *n.*, a plan of something to be done.

schol'ars (skŏl'ĕrs), *n.*, pupils, students.

scold'ing (skōld'ĭng), *p.*, blaming, accusing of misconduct.

scram'ble (skrăm'b'l), *v.*, to climb with hands and feet.

screamed (skrēmd), *v.*, made a loud outcry, cried out in a sharp voice.

screech'ing (skrēch'ĭng), *p.*, making a shrill, sharp noise like an outcry of pain or distress.

scud'ding (skŭd'ĭng), *p.*, being driven swiftly by the wind, as a sailboat, with the sails partly spread.

scuf'fle (skŭf''l), *v.*, to wrestle, to struggle together, using hands and feet.

sculled (skŭld), *v.*, moved a boat with one oar from the stern.

scul'lion (skŭl'yŭn), *n.*, a servant who cleans the cooking vessels and the kitchen.

scur'ry ing (skŭr'ĭ ĭng), *p.*, moving away quickly, escaping.

sea'girt, surrounded or partly surrounded by the sea.

search'ing (sûrch'ĭng), *p.*, seeking, looking for something that is lost or misplaced.

se cu'ri ty (sĕ kū'rĭ tĭ), *n.*, something given by a debtor to his creditor, which the creditor keeps if the debt is not paid and which he returns to the debtor when the debt is paid.

seized (sēzd), *v.*, took hold of quickly and firmly.

self-pos ses'sion, *n.*, self-control, calmness.

self-re straint', *n.*, ability to restrain or control one's self.

sen'si ble, *a.*, wise, intelligent.

serv'ic es (sûr'vĭs ĕs), *n.*, work done for others.

shăft, *n.*, the slender stem of an arrow; metal rod of a machine.

shag'gy (shăg'ĭ), *a.*, covered with long, coarse hair.

shift'ed, *v.*, changed direction; as, the wind; changed position.

shiv'er, *v.*, to tremble.

shriek (shrēk), *v.*, to cry out, to scream.

shrubs, *n.*, small woody plants with several stems growing from the same root.

shut'ters, *n.*, window blinds.

shy (shī), *a.*, bashful, easily frightened, timid.

sig'nal, *n.*, a message given by raising a flag, firing a gun, or any message given by signs; something which has a special meaning.

signs (sīns), *n.*, words painted on shops or other places of business.

sit u a'tion (sĭt ū ā'shŭn), *n.*, location, position, place.

skip'per, *n.*, master of a vessel.

sleek, *a.*, having a smooth, glossy surface.

sleighs (slās), *n.*, vehicles used on ice or snow.

slew (slōō), *v.*, killed.

slug'gish, *a.*, slow in movement.

sluic'es (slōōs'ĕs), *n.*, channels for water, containing gates that are opened and closed to regulate the flow.

smeared (smērd), *v.*, covered with any substance that soils or stains.

smit'ten (smĭt'n), *v.*, **struck**, punished.

smoke'stack (smōk'stăk), *n.*, a pipe on an engine or building for carrying away the smoke.

sobs, *n.*, weeping accompanied by quick catches of the breath expressing sorrow or trouble.

so'cia ble (sō'shȧ b'l), *a.*, ready to talk, agreeable.

sof'ten (sŏf 'n), *v.*, to make soft.

som'er saults (sŭm'ẽr sôlts), *n.*, leaps in which one turns completely over.

some'times, *adv.*, at times, occasionally.

sooth'ing, *p.*, quieting, comforting.

souse (sous), *v.*, to plunge into the water, to throw into the water.

sow, *v.*, to plant seeds in the soil.

speck'led (spĕk''ld), *a.*, marked with small spots.

spell'bound, *a.*, held quiet by great surprise.

splash'ing, *p.*, striking water so that the drops fly about.

spread (sprĕd), *v.*, stretched out, opened wide, extended.

stag'ger ing, *p.*, reeling from side to side.

stain (stān), *v.*, to soil, or color.

stair'case (stâr'kās), *n.*, a stairway.

stake, *n.*, a piece of timber standing upright in the ground.

star'ing (stâr'ĭng), *p.*, looking steadily.

sta'tion (stā'shŭn), *n.*, the building where the train stops, depot.

sta'tion a ry (stā'shŭn ȧ rĭ), *a.*, remaining in the same place.

sta'tioned (stā'shŭnd), *v.*, placed in position.

stat'ues (stăt'ūs), *n.*, likenesses of people cut from stone.
stat'ure (stăt'ŭr), *n.*, height of the body.
stead'y (stĕd'ĭ), *a.*, firm, fixed in purpose.
stores, *n.*, places where goods are bought and sold.
stretched (strĕchd), *v.*, extended, made larger.
strewed (strōōd), *v.*, scattered, thrown about without order.
strife (strīf), *n.*, a quarrel, struggle.
stripped (strĭpt), *v.*, took off the covering, uncovered.
strode (strōd), *v.*, walked with long steps.
strolled (strōld), *v.*, walked about, wandered.
strug'gled (strŭg''ld), *v.*, fought, used force to accomplish a purpose.
stur'dy (stûr'dĭ), *a.*, strong, resolute.
suc'cor (sŭk'ĕr), *n.*, help, aid.
sug gest'ed (sŭg jĕst'ĕd), *v.*, spoke of a plan.
sum'moned sŭm'ŭnd), *v.*, called.
sump'tu ous (sŭmp'tū ŭs), *a.*, costly, luxurious, rich.
sup, *v.*, to take supper, to eat the evening meal.
sup plied' (sŭp plīd'), *v.*, provided.
sup posed' (sŭ pōzd'), *v.*, thought, believed.
sur ren'der, *v.*, to give up, to yield.
sus pect'ed (sŭs pĕkt'ĕd), *v.*, doubted, feared some evil.
swamp'y (swŏmp'ĭ), *a.*, like a swamp, wet, muddy.
swarmed (swôrmd), *v.*, came together in great numbers; as, bees.
swing, *v.*, to move back and forth, to wave.
switch (swĭch), *v.*, to swing back and forth; as, the tail of a cow, a bull, etc.

T

tack (tăk), *n.* & *v.*, a short, sharp-pointed nail; to change the direction of a sailing vessel.
tan'gle (tăn'g'l), *n.* & *v.*, mass of things twisted together; to twist together.
tar'get, *n.*, a mark to shoot at.
teams (tēms), *n.*, two or more animals fastened to a wagon, cart, etc.
tel'e scope (tĕl'ĕ skōp), *n.*, an instrument for seeing distant objects.
tem'ple, *n.*, a house of worship, a church.
ten'dril (tĕn'drĭl), *n.*, that part of a vine which fastens itself to supports and so helps the vine to climb.
ter'race (tĕr'ăs), *n.*, a raised bank of earth.
test, *n.* & *v.*, proof; to prove.
this'tle (thĭs't'l), *n.*, a plant having thorns.
threat'en ing (thrĕt''n ĭng), *p.*, warning, having the appearance of evil.
thresh'ing, *p.*, beating grain from the straw or husk.
thriv'ing (thrīv'ĭng), *p.*, growing vigorously.
throne (thrōn), *n.*, a royal seat.
throng'ing, *p.*, crowding together.
through out' (thrōō out'), *adv.*, in all parts.
thud, *n.*, a dull sound.
thun'der struck (thŭn'dĕr strŭk), *v.*, greatly astonished, amazed.
thus, *adv.*, so, in this or that manner.
tim'id ly, *adv.*, fearfully.

tin'gled (tĭn'g'ld), *v.*, prickled, felt quick, sharp pains.

tin'sel, *n.*, thin, spangled material used for ornaments.

top'ple (tŏp'l), *v.*, to fall (some high object; as, a house, etc.).

tor'ture (tôr'tûr), *n.*, great pain, suffering.

tough (tŭf), *a.*, strong, firm.

to'wards (tō'ërds), *prep.*, approaching, near.

track (trăk), *n.*, a road.

trans par'ent (trăns pâr'ĕnt), *a.*, clear, so that objects may be seen through it.

trap, *n.*, an instrument for catching and holding animals.

treat'ed (trēt'ĕd), *v.*, entertained, sometimes with food and drink.

tri'al, *n.*, examination into guilt or innocence.

trib'ute (trĭb'ūt), *n.*, a token or sign of submission or servitude, in the form of gifts.

tri'fle (trī'f'l), *n.*, something of little value or importance.

tri'umph (trī'ŭmf), *n.*, victory, success.

tri um'phant (trī ŭm'fănt), *a.*, victorious.

troop, *n.*, a collection of people or animals.

truck (trŭk), *n.*, vegetables raised for the market.

trudg'ing (trŭj'ĭng), *p.*, walking in a weary manner, or heavily.

tug, *v.*, to pull with force.

tun'nel, *n.*, a passageway dug through a solid body, such as a mountain, etc.

tur'ban, *n.*, a long cloth wound round the head in place of a hat or cap.

twit'ter (twĭt'ĕr), *v.*, to make a succession of small tremulous noises.

U

ug'ly (ŭg'lĭ), *a.*, bad looking, not handsome.

un cer'tain (ŭn sûr'tĭn), *a.*, not sure, doubtful.

un com'fort a ble (ŭn kŭm'fĕr tá b'l), *a.*, not in a state of ease or comfort.

un daunt'ed (ŭn dänt'ĕd), *a.*, bold, fearless, brave.

un done' (ŭn dŭn'), *a.*, not done, neglected, overtaken by evil.

un ex pect'ed (ŭn ĕks pĕk'tĕd), *a.*, not expected, coming without warning.

un trained' (ŭn trānd'), *a.*, not educated to do any particular kind of work.

un u'su al (ŭn ū'zhû ăl), *a.*, not customary, uncommon.

V

vain (vān), *a.*, valuing one's self too highly, showy, having no real worth.

val'iant (văl'yănt), *a.*, brave, fearless.

van'ished (văn'ĭsht), *v.*, disappeared.

vast, *a.*, very large, enormous.

vats, *n.*, large vessels for holding liquids.

veins (vāns), *n.*, narrow masses of rock lying between other rocks in the mountain side.

vig'or ous ly (vĭg'ŏr ŭs lĭ), *adv.*, strongly.

vil'lains (vĭl'ĭns), *n.*, bad men, rascals.

vine'yards (vĭn'yärds), *n.*, gardens in which only grapes are raised.

vi'o lent, *a.*, fierce.

vol un teer' (vŏl ŭn tēr'), *n.*, one who offers his services.

W

wad'ing (wād'ĭng), *p.*, walking in the water.

wa'ger (wā'jĕr), *n.*, a bet, a pledge.

wail (wāl), *v.*, to weep aloud in a doleful manner.

war'ble (wôr'b'l), *v.*, to sing in a quavering manner.

ward (wôrd), *n.* & *v.*, a guard, a protector; to guard, to defend, to protect.

wee, *a.*, very small.

whim'per (hwĭm'pĕr), *v.*, to cry with a low, whining voice.

whine (hwīn), *v.*, to cry; as, a dog.

whisked (hwĭskt), *v.*, moved very fast.

wil'der ness, *n.*, a wild, uncultivated place.

wit, *n.*, thought, intelligence, cleverness.

won'der (wŭn'dĕr), *n.*, great surprise, astonishment.

wor'thy (wûr'ṯhĭ), *a.*, having value or excellence.

wrapped (răpt), *v.*, covered, inclosed within a cover or wrapper.

wreaths (rēṯhz), *n.*, leaves and flowers made into bands or circles to be worn on the head.

wretch'ed (rĕch'ĕd), *a.*, miserable, unhappy.

wrig'gled (rĭg''ld), *v.*, moved away by crawling like a worm.

Y

yearn'ing (yûrn'ĭng), *p.*, filled with longing desire.

yell, *n.* & *v.*, a loud outcry, a call; to cry out.

MEANING OF PHRASES

against the grain, against one's feelings or disposition.

a good deal, considerable, some part of. It has rained a good deal to-day. There is a good deal of space still unused in the garden.

at attention, the military position that soldiers take when about to salute an officer or any superior.

bearing directly down, coming directly or in a straight line toward.

be dealt with, be looked after. The matter would be looked into and attended to.

blocked up, stopped the movement of.

bran porridge, a thick soup made from the husks of grain ground into coarse flour and cooked in milk.

by all means, certainly, without fail.

cast anchor, to throw the anchor overboard, to stop the ship.

column of smoke, the mass of smoke that rises from a smokestack.

creatures of the fold, sheep and cattle.

cross as ten sticks, very ill-tempered.

dray horses, strong horses used in drawing drays or wagons.

fell upon the people's necks, embraced the people, put their arms about the people's necks.

flag of truce, a white flag used in time of war as a sign that the officers of one army wish a pause in the fighting, to hold a consultation with the officers of the contending army.

foamy crest, the white upper part of the wave.

frail bark, a ship that is easily broken.

good fortune, success.

hide and seek, a game in which some of the company hide themselves that the others may find them.

in vain, useless, not worth while to try.

leathern wallet, a leather bag.

lend a hand, give help, assist with the hands or other means if necessary.

magic art, the secret knowledge of a magician by which he does his wonderful works.

main entrance, principal or chief door or gate, usually at the front of the place.

men of war, warships.

money lender, one whose business is to lend money upon receiving the proper security.

musket range, within the distance that a musket ball will strike.

pitpatted, beat like the heart.

public money, the money of the government, which is obtained from the people in the form of taxes, etc.

rain of lead, a fall of bullets so great that it has the appearance of rain.

sandalwood, a fragrant wood of a tropical tree.

shadows began to lengthen, as evening came on, because at that time the sun is low and so the shadows are long.

staring out of countenance, to look at one earnestly until he is disturbed in mind.

temple of Apollo, the house where the ancients worshiped the sun god Apollo.

to and fro, moving back and forth like the pendulum of a clock.

train of people, people in a procession.

wide-mouthed, having a wide or an open mouth.

wood folk, the creatures, birds, insects, and other animals, who have their home in the woods.

PROPER NAMES

A pŏl'lō, Greek name for the sun, also the name of an imaginary Greek hero.

Băg'dăd, a famous city of ancient times situated at the head of the Tigris River.

Băl'len glēch, name of a castle and its land in Scotland.

Băl sō'ră, a seaport on the Persian Gulf at the mouth of the Euphrates River.

Băr'lī, a little bear.

Bōw bĕlls', the chimes on a cathedral in London.

Bud'dĭr al Bud'door, the daughter of the Grand Vizier of China.

Cŏr'ĭnth, one of the most important cities of Ancient Greece, in the southern part of the country.

Crēte, a small island southeast of Greece.

Hŏl'lō wāy, a certain district or part of London in which the cathedral of the Bow Bells was located.

Kĭr'ghiz' (kĭr'gēz'), a mountainous district northwest of China, which is famous for its swift, strong ponies.

La Tour d'Au vergne' (lă tōōr d'ō - vĕrn'y'), one of the soldiers of Napoleon.

Lĕs'bŏs, an island near Greece.

Lord Māy'or, the chief officer of the city.

Mĭl ē'tŭs, an island southeast of Greece.

Pom pe'ian (pŏm pā'yăn), from Pompeii.

Pom pe'ii (pŏm pā'yē), an ancient city of Italy buried by an eruption of a volcano.

Schwăn'lī, a little swan (a white water bird with a long neck).

Tăr'tăr, referring to the province of Tartary, one of the western mountain provinces of China.

YC 49850

541456

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY